HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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"RING OUT THE OLD" (JOHN BULL), "RING IN THE NEW" (UNCLE SAM).

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 61 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued December 28, is the New-Year's Number, and contains many good things appropriate to the season. The frontispiece is the picture of the little New Year knocking for admittance at an old-fashioned doorway as the clock strikes twelve. The number also contains "Prince Charlie," a Holiday Story, by* KATHERINE KAMERON; *"How Santa Claus Came," by* W. O. STODDARD; *Chapter Three of "Toby Tyler," illustrated; "Bee-Hunting," by* JIMMY BROWN; *Chapter Three of "Mildred's Bargain," illustrated; two pages of drawings by* R. CALDECOTT, *illustrating "Sing a Song o' Sixpence"; "The Dolls' Reception," a page of pictures that will please the very little ones; "The New Year's Welcome," a poem by* MARY D. BRINE; *"The Empty Stocking," a sketch by* MRS. SANGSTER; *besides the Post-office Box, New Games, Puzzles, and other attractions.*

THE HOLIDAYS.

THE Christmas sun rises in America upon a peculiarly prosperous and happy people. We are at peace with all the world and among ourselves. The great industries thrive. Labor is well paid. Enterprise is rewarded, and there are no signs of serious social, moral, or political decadence. The New York of to-day, if "R. G. W.," who well celebrates the glory of a vanished time, will permit, is a striking spectacle. During the holidays the chief business streets, from Astor Place up to Thirty-fifth Street, resemble a vast thronged and brilliant bazar or fair. The windows of shops and their interiors teem with every kind of beautiful and tempting object. But the crowd is the chief spectacle. During the busiest hours it is a slowly moving mass, laden with packages large and small, smiling, greeting, gazing with eager faces; "And the best of it all is," said a benignant merchant, as he stood in the midst of the throng that filled his own rooms—"the best of it is that everybody is busy to give pleasure to somebody else." That was the true Christmas view. It gave a new aspect to the crowded street. It was not only peace on earth that all the happy pressure showed; it was good-will to men.

The wares of every kind range from the smallest and most humble up to those which are regally magnificent and costly. The tables and shelves seem to be spread for the shopping of Princes and Archdukes, of Sidonias and Neuchatels. There is such brilliant profusion of riches that the amazed and bewildered loiterer wonders where all the money comes from. Here sits a jewelled lady in velvet and sumptuous fur looking at wrought gold and diamonds, and there a quiet gentleman orders an illuminated missal upon vellum to be sent home. The spectator seems to have walked into the Arabian Nights. All zones and mountains and mines have been searched, all artists and artificers have worked patiently, every resource of human skill and enterprise has been exhausted, to enable the Yankee to buy a Christmas present.

But there is provision also for the leanest purse. There are the plain toys and the bright picture-books and the useful little familiar objects: the Noah's arks and the tin soldiers, and the dolls and the dolls' furniture, which to younger souls have all the charm of the diamonds and the vellum to the elders. To the loiterer, also, there are the faces and voices of the children in the toy shops, the illumination and the carol of the happy season. He is made free of a hundred nurseries. His Christmas is a holiday of many times twenty-four hours. When the chimes ring out on the actual Christmas-eve, they are the music which he has been hearing for many days. When the great day itself dawns, it is only a culmination of the many Christmases that he has been enjoying. Perhaps as he awakes he recalls the pretty picture in IRVING'S delightful paper of the author suddenly opening his chamber door on Christmas morning to see the little children whose pattering and whispering he has heard, and who stand abashed to find their greeting answered. Or he thinks of the great Christmas fires which THACKERAY says DICKENS'S Christmas stories lighted in England, and of the good cheer which they provided for the poor by arousing the old hospitable sentiment of the day. Or he seems to hear the solemn music of MILTON'S hymn, to see the wise men kneeling, and to catch the scent of frankincense and myrrh.

THE PENDLETON BILL.

CIVIL service reform has taken a great step forward. It has become the interest of the Democratic party to advocate such a reform, and, whatever its motives may be, its arguments have been thus far incontestably reasonable and unanswerable. As the reform is essentially non-partisan, it will be a great mistake if the representatives of the Republican party neglect the Democratic acceptance of a movement which was initiated by a Republican President and Congress, and which has been constantly approved by Republican Conventions, and which has the earnest sympathy and support of a large and intelligent body of citizens. The course of the New York *Times* in warmly supporting the general principles of Senator PENDLETON'S bill is that of a sagacious party journal. It sees that, in the close balance of parties arising from the disposition to adjust the old issues, the friends of reform hold a power which it is worth while for any party to secure.

The PENDLETON bill, although defective in details, has been prepared with a clear conception of the indispensable conditions of reform. It shows not only that the principle is plainly perceived, but, what is of scarcely less importance, that the necessity of a uniform application of it is not less understood. The object is to break up illicit personal dictation of appointments and removals; to relieve office-holders of extortion, and politics of much of their corruption; to secure a reasonable tenure, and efficient and economical service. The system, to attain these results, should be comprehensive, and the results can not be attained thoughout the service except by a uniform method. The first practical step, therefore, is a national commission with a general superintendence of the regulations to be enforced. This body, of course, should have no power of appointment or removal, and here the PENDLETON bill is at fault, as it gives the board power to recommend removal. The board should only prescribe the proper details of examination, and supervise their operation. Its function should be to provide means for ascertaining, independently of personal and political influence, the fit persons from whom appointments are to be made. That such a body may be perfectly impartial and thoroughly efficient, the action of the English board proves. Party spirit and political corruption are not less rife in England than in this country, but from the first there has been no question or suspicion of the good faith of the Civil Service Board. We may say that this is equally true of the Civil Service Commission in this country, originally appointed under the auspices of President GRANT, and of which Mr. DORMAN B. EATON is chairman. This Commission still exists, and the report of its chairman upon the history of the English civil service is one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the subject. The assertion that the board would not be impartial is, therefore, wholly chimerical. Experience also proves that without such a general supervision there can be no security of obtaining the object sought. If every collector and postmaster in the country should decide for himself how he would conduct examinations, there would be as many schemes as there are heads of offices, and as much evasion as there are incredulity and distrust of the reformed system.

The PENDLETON bill, which provides for the Commission, may be wisely amended also by requiring the approval of the Executive for the rules. It is, in fact, based upon Senator EDMUNDS'S bill of 1871, which it closely follows. It provides for appointment and promotion according to fitness, ascertained by competitive examination, with obvious and necessary exceptions and conditions. The details of such examinations would be determined by the Commission, which is also authorized, upon request of the President or Senate, to examine any person subject to confirmation by the Senate before or after appointment. This is a provision which seems to us to be of questionable value. But the bill happily includes probation, which is an essential part of any thorough scheme. The probation is, in fact, the practical examination to ascertain business faculty. The competitive examination does two things—it effectually demolishes political and personal interference, and it shows general and special knowledge. What is called tact, or aptitude, or business capacity, can be determined only by experiment, and that is supplied by probation. It is interesting to observe from the records of examinations both here and in England that general intelligence is usually a measure of particular capacity or aptitude. Of all the persons appointed under the reform system at the New York Custom-house, only two or three have failed in their probation. There is another questionable detail in the bill; it is that which requires appointment in the precise order of merit. The provision, in this respect, of the original scheme of 1871–72, which was made upon consultation with the Attorney-General, is that the name for appointment shall be taken from the three highest names upon the list. This allows a wise discretion, without impairing the competitive principle, and the modification in the American scheme is so reasonable that it was subsequently adopted in England. The PENDLETON bill seems to us to be susceptible of amendment in such points as we have indicated, and we hope to see it so amended, or a new bill offered which shall include the details mentioned, so that the committee may be in possession of all views, and report a carefully digested measure. This, we have no doubt, is the desire of Senator PENDLETON, as the object of all sincere friends of reform is to obtain a bill which, while thorough, shall not be open to reasonable objection. Meanwhile the friends of such a measure everywhere may wisely interest themselves in securing signatures to petitions for the passage of a bill comprising the general principles of reform. The Civil Service Association in New York will furnish the form of such a petition upon application to the Secretary, 79 Fourth Avenue.

A GREAT PUBLIC QUESTION.

THE Irish question is one of the most commanding interests of the hour, but it seems as yet to have excited very little feeling in this country which has found public expression. Mr. PARNELL was so severely criticised by the press a year ago that there is a general impression of the futility of any movement led by him. Yet it is plain that the attitude of Ireland was never so threatening toward the English connection as now, and the real question is fast getting to be, not whether the tenure of the land can be changed, but whether the union can be peaceably maintained. Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in his *History of Our Own Times*, which contains the view which is probably the general and patriotic Irish view of the situation, says that moderate Irishmen felt at the time of Mr. GLADSTONE'S bill for disestablishment that there were only two alternatives before England—either Home Rule for Ireland or a constant conflict with rebellion, and dealing with Ireland as Russia dealt with Poland. He is of opinion that the policy of Home Rule will solve the Irish problem, and Mr. MCCARTHY is not an "irreconcilable." He is, indeed, just to Mr. GLADSTONE, whom he describes as the only English Prime Minister who ever hazarded his own popularity by an endeavor to do justice to Ireland.

If we may judge from the reports, the feeling in England is becoming very bitter and exasperated. In London, where the Jingo sentiment of "society" and the clubs is very pronounced, there is great impatience with the apparent inaction of the Government. But it is clear that the Government is not inactive, and the complaint means, therefore, indignation that the *habeas corpus* act is not suspended, and the island laid under martial law. The Government, however, is probably better acquainted with the actual facts than the clubs and drawing-rooms, and knows what is required. A ministry of which Mr. GLADSTONE is the head and Mr. BRIGHT a member knows very well that powder and shot and military law will not settle the question. The issue is very much more serious than that. It is to pacify a conquered people of another race and religion than the English, abjectly poor and ignorant, virtually serfs of the soil, full of hatred for the conquerors, and the victims of long and fearful injustice; and to pacify them when the feeling of the people is such that they unite in refusing to pay rent for the land which they till, and, by their unanimity of generally passive hostility, terrorize the country and paralyze the government. This is a tremendous problem of real statesmanship, compared with which the seeking of a "scientific frontier" is a game of cat's-cradle worthy of Endymion and Lothair.

If there be, or has ever been, a statesman in England who could cope with such a situation successfully, it is GLADSTONE. He has that true genius for great public affairs which knows that the real remedy for a national wrong is justice, and not violence. To know, however, what is both just and practicable is only a part of a statesman's task in such a situation as that of Ireland. He must depend upon the agreement of colleagues of various convictions and interests to support his plans, and in order, therefore, to gain anything, he must often appear to sacrifice much, and even seem to be recreant to his own convictions. In this instance, also, he has no sympathy or assistance from those whom his task is to help. Mr. PARNELL has been practically an obstructionist of the most dogmatic kind, and his conduct and that of his associates, as by some unhappy fatality the conduct of the Irish leaders has constantly done, alienates sympathy from his cause. It would appear that the Government means to take no positive steps toward a system of general coercion until it can submit to Parliament its plans respecting the land tenure. But the Irish disposition plainly is to insist upon Home Rule, of which, as yet, no detailed scheme has been proposed, except that Ireland shall legislate for Irish matters, and the imperial government for imperial interests. How the line shall be drawn has not yet been definitely stated. The news of every day is painfully interesting, and we can not refuse our sympathy to the statesman who is called to compose the storm.

AN OLIVE-BRANCH.

THE BURNSIDE Education Bill, which has passed the Senate almost unanimously, is a very important act of legislation. It is also a measure of statesman-like policy, for it is an act of true fraternity. President HAYES has pointedly called attention, and especially in speeches during the last summer, to the imperative necessity of national provision for education, for there are certain sections of the country the ignorance of which threatens the public welfare. Mr. SEWARD divided the Union into capital and labor States. We must now add illiterate States. But such a group is a common peril, and the bill of Senator BURNSIDE is aimed at its heart. It provides that the interest, at four per cent., of the net receipts from the sale of the public lands and from patent fees shall be apportioned for ten years among the States and Territories, according to the percentage of illiterate persons. It is estimated that the annual amount received from both sources would be about $1,500,000, which would yield $60,000 to be divided for the first year, $120,000 for the second, and so on. It is also provided that one-third of the money assigned to any State should be given to the colleges established in them under the act of 1862. This scheme is a gift from the more educated to the illiterate States; and as the great mass of illiteracy is in the old slave States, it is a wise and friendly offering from the old free States. It is more than this. The illiterate States are those which formed the Confederacy. The bill, therefore, is an olive-branch from the Union to its late opponents. It is honorable, generous, and wise. It should go very far to disabuse the Southern mind of the demagogic cant that "the North" is vindictive. What is the attitude of "the North" to-day? It has just elected a President known to be wholly free from sectional prejudice. It asks only a free vote and an honest count everywhere in the Union, and it gladly proffers this munificent educational aid to its late adversary. The speech of Senator BROWN, of Georgia, was as generous and patriotic an acknowledgment as the bill of Senator BURNSIDE is a patriotic and generous proposition.

Senator TELLER, of Colorado, moved an amendment which substantially changed the offer from that of a constantly increasing sum to a fixed annual appropriation, so that instead of distributing $60,000 this year, and $120,000 next, and $180,000 the next, the whole $1,200,000 should be given this year, and the same sum every year. It was said in favor of this amendment that the occasion was immediate and urgent, that every ignorant citizen was a possible conspirator against liberty, and that $60,000 would not buy slate-pencils for the schools to be relieved. But it was urged, on the other hand, that the national government does not mean to do the whole work; that so great a mass of ignorance can not be suddenly removed; that the true plan is to lay the foundation of an increasing fund; and that if $60,000 would not buy slate-pencils for the schools, $1,200,000 would only prolong the school terms by two days. The debate was brisk and ardent. There was no difference of purpose, and the only question was how to make the gift more effective. Opinion was naturally very evenly divided, and there was warm feeling. The vote in committee was 31 in favor of the amendment and 30 against it. But in the Senate it was a tie, 28 to 28, so the amendment was lost, and the original bill was then passed by a vote of 41 to 6. The friends of the TELLER amendment insisted that the bill as passed was a nonentity. But upon reflection they will hardly deny that it is a very benignant and significant act.

JOHN STUART MILL, if we remember correctly, excepts provision for education from the general rule of the limited function of government, and many Senators who hold very strict views of the rights and duties of the States felt that the circumstances justify a temporary waiver of those views. The ignorance of any State is a menace to the welfare of the Union, and when the situation is such that dealing with the igno-

rance by the State is impracticable, national action is a very much greater benefit than any disadvantage which is likely to arise from the apparent assumption by the nation of the care of education. However it may trouble doctrinaires and the pundits who value form more than substance, the common-sense of the people will approve the national aid thus given to assist the poorer States to educate all their citizens.

HOW FAR TELEGRAMS ARE INVIOLABLE.

SOME months ago we called attention to a paper in the New York *Tribune* by HENRY HITCHCOCK, of the St. Louis bar, criticising the bill introduced in Congress to make all telegrams "privileged communications." Mr. HITCHCOCK also read a paper before the Bar Association at Saratoga in 1879, and it was evident that he had made a very thorough study of the subject. The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Missouri in the case of BROWN, the general manager of the Western Union Company at St. Louis, which has properly attracted great attention from the press, not only confirms the view so ably maintained by Mr. HITCHCOCK, but, in delivering the opinion, the Court took the very unusual step of referring to the paper of Mr. HITCHCOCK as having been "of great service to us in our investigation, and also a valuable contribution" to the discussion of the subject. In fact, the line of argument and the citations of authorities are much the same as those of Mr. HITCHCOCK in his paper published in the *Southern Law Review*.

The Supreme Court of Missouri affirms that telegrams are privileged communications, but not beyond the reach of judicial process. The statute of Missouri, which forbids a telegraph agent to disclose the contents of a private message, does not intend to thwart justice by withholding specific telegrams which are essential to a pending judicial investigation.

In the particular case of BROWN, the lower court had held that an agent might be lawfully imprisoned for refusing to produce all telegrams between certain persons during a period of six months. This was an unreasonable search, and therefore "not to be tolerated among a free people." But, as material evidence, telegrams indicated with reasonable precision must be produced. This is good sense, as Mr. HITCHCOCK plainly showed, and it is fortunate that it is now authoritatively declared to be good law also.

MR. SHERMAN IN THE SENATE.

THE President-elect wisely keeps his own counsel, and leaves others to make his cabinet. He is awaiting undoubtedly the result of the Senatorial elections in several States, in order to estimate more correctly the political situation. The chief recent event in the various Senatorial "campaigns" is the withdrawal of Governor FOSTER, of Ohio, as a candidate, and the conceded election of Secretary SHERMAN. This is an important event. Governor FOSTER'S letter of withdrawal expresses a warm desire to harmonize the party, and for that end he relinquishes a candidacy in which he believes he had fair prospects of success. He is a close friend of General GARFIELD, and although General GARFIELD has expressed no preference whatever, Governor FOSTER probably has taken the course which his own judgment assures him will be agreeable to the President-elect. There are obviously many reasons why the presence of Mr. SHERMAN in the Senate would be acceptable to General GARFIELD, and it is fortunate that his great public ability and experience are not to be lost to the country. There are many, indeed, who will greatly regret his departure from the Treasury; for it may be truly said of Mr. SHERMAN that his career as Secretary of the Treasury has greatly enhanced his reputation, and deepened the public confidence in his talent for public affairs. He will leave his office at a happy moment for himself. Specie payments have been prosperously resumed. Refunding will be soon fortunately accomplished. Industry and business are everywhere active and thriving. The Secretary retires before there is any check or turn in the current, which, however beyond his control, would necessarily impair the prestige of his financial administration. That administration has been most successful, and there is no doubt that SHERMAN will be mentioned with HAMILTON and GALLATIN as one of the three greatest Secretaries of the Treasury.

In returning to the Senate he enters upon an old and familiar scene. He will be, doubtless, in full sympathy with the administration of General GARFIELD, and he will be, we presume, the administration leader upon the floor. Mr. EDMUNDS does not care for that position, and neither Mr. CONKLING nor Mr. BLAINE, under existing circumstances, is likely to occupy it. All Republican Senators are, in a certain sense, administration Senators. But that fact has not been conspicuously emphasized during the present administration. Mr. SHERMAN, having been a leading member of the present cabinet, will be ready always to explain its course, or to defend it when assailed. He is not of a disposition to provoke quarrels, but he is of an ability to bear himself wisely and effectively should quarrels be provoked. Meanwhile, upon the financial questions which will certainly arise, his great knowledge, experience, and capacity will be of the utmost service.

He will not forget, probably, and certainly Mr. CONKLING will remember, the events which have made Mr. ARTHUR the presiding officer of the Senate. There will, indeed, be more or less explosive material scattered about the floor of the chamber. In the language of diplomacy, the relations of Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. BLAINE, as well as those of Mr. BAYARD and Mr. LAMAR, with Mr. CONKLING, will be severely strained. But the Republican majority in any case will be so small that it would be very unfortunate should occasion arise for any demonstration of the want of perfect Republican accord. It is just possible that Mr. CONKLING may consider that the welfare of the party requires certain action in New York, for instance, the desirability of which may not present itself in precisely the same point of view to the Executive. But as Mr. CONKLING is, as we are told, before all, a Republican, if he should differ with the Administration, it is to be presumed from experience that for the sake of party harmony he will gracefully yield his differences of opinion, and cordially sustain the Administration. If, however, his sense of party duty should lead him to express dissent, the presence of Mr. SHERMAN in the Senate is the security that the Republican Administration will have a perfectly courteous and capable champion. This, however, need not be anticipated. It is only one of the possibilities of a latent explosive condition. What is tolerably clear is, that the ability of the new Senate will be overwhelmingly upon the Republican side.

MILITARY LAW.

THE last number of the *Journal of the Military Service Institution of the United States* contains a characteristic and comprehensive article upon "Military Law," by General SHERMAN. It is the third of a series upon the subject, designed to open a general discussion. The only complete code ever published in this country was that which was prepared by Dr. LIEBER, and approved in 1863. But it was never enacted by Congress, and therefore, as General SHERMAN says, is a common law of war, useful and advisory, but not mandatory.

In the present article General SHERMAN treats in some detail the famous case of ARBUTHNOT and AMBRISTER, who were executed by order of General JACKSON during the Florida troubles of 1818. The General says that probably no single event in our history has caused so much angry controversy. It produced the irreparable breach between JACKSON and CALHOUN, and the powerful defense of JACKSON by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. The same number of the *Journal* contains an interesting discussion of rifle practice by military experts.

Another recent military work of the first importance is WINTHROP'S digest of opinions of the Judge-Advocate-General. It is intended to supersede the digest of 1868 by retaining all it embraced of permanent value; but the present issue consists chiefly of matters entirely new. Colonel WINTHROP is a Judge-Advocate, and his long experience, and confidential and diligent service as assistant to the Judge-Advocate-General, qualify him especially for the task, which is plainly most useful, but most laborious. His notes are copious and luminous, containing the results of the author's own observations, as well as citations of authorities; and for every soldier, and for every citizen who would know something of military law for the army, the volume is an invaluable manual.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THACKERAY died during the Christmas holidays, and now the greatest of his successors has died at the same time. George Eliot—for by that name more than by any other she will be always known—was the woman of the greatest intellectual power who has written in England. In point of what is called genius, CHARLOTTE BRONTË is perhaps her rival, but for the union of genius, mental force, and scholarly acquirement, George Eliot is supreme among her sisters.

Her power of sympathetic appreciation and representation of character—the creative genius of the story-teller—was prodigious, and among all historical novels her *Romola* must dispute with *Henry Esmond* the first place. It is a woman's picture of a woman, and the woman's heart's plea for her, while the setting of the picture, the old Italian Florence, is a marvellous reproduction, so far as any modern knowledge can judge. In *Adam Bede*, the figure of Dinah stands with Jeanie Deans, a creation as pure and permanent as SHAKESPEARE'S women. We can not follow the long and vivid list, but in the first moments of hearing of her death a sense of the great service rendered by such power to mankind instinctively recalls the forms with which it is associated.

Mrs. BROWNING calls George Sand "thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man," and there is much of the same feeling in contemplating George Eliot. In both cases, perhaps, there is also a similar feeling of pain and regret with the aspects and conditions of their private life. Rumor has said much of George Eliot, but few know the facts. The interest of the world is with the work of her genius, and with her influence and position in English literature. She leaves behind no writer in her own kind of her own class, and the country which is proud of Miss AUSTEN, Mrs. BROWNING, Mrs. SOMERVILLE, and CHARLOTTE BRONTË may well lament this death, and feel that its intellectual glory—a glory which is blended of such various rays—has been enriched by the splendor of that power which was "self-styled" George Eliot.

CONGRESSIONAL CONDUCT.

IF ever members of Congress should be expelled for wantonly outraging the decencies of debate by the grossest personal abuse, and with no other excuse than ill temper, it is undoubtedly the opinion of the country that Mr. WEAVER and Mr. SPARKS should have been expelled after their exchange of "liar" and "scoundrel." But the House of Representatives thought otherwise, and those gentlemen having apologized for the insult offered to the House and to the country, the House, by a vote of 104 to 44, laid the whole matter upon the table.

The House was unmindful of its own dignity. The offenders may be generally good-natured and courteous gentlemen, but the rules of order are designed to prevent such gentlemen from doing precisely what Messrs. WEAVER and SPARKS did. The rules are wholly impersonal, like the law, and general good-nature and courtesy are pleas quite as valid against the punishment of forgers and pickpockets as against such Parliamentary offenses as that lately committed.

Fortunately the recent event is not a sign of the tension of public feeling upon a burning question, like the personal encounters in the House before the war. It was merely individual misbehavior. But it was none the less disgraceful, and the indifference of the House is none the less discreditable.

TYRANNY.

WE observe that Senator CONKLING protests vehemently against the tyranny of forbidding the agents of the government to manage caucuses and conventions. There is another more immediate tyranny which the Senator has overlooked. It is that of such agents coercing by threats of removal the votes of those officially dependent upon them. It is a tyranny which destroys the self-respect of those upon whom it is exercised, and which degrades politics. There is another tyranny of the same kind, that which, under pain of removal, extorts money from those holding office under the government. Against this mean and notorious tyranny we have heard no indignant protests from Senator CONKLING.

Mrs. Jellaby's fine eyes, says the historian, were so fixed upon Borrioboola-Gha, in Central Africa, that she could not see her own children shoeless and ragged.

A GREAT SCHOLAR DEAD.

MR. FREEMAN, the historian, pays a tribute of deep obligation to a historical scholar lately dead, of whom probably very few in England had ever heard, and fewer in America. He first taught Englishmen, says Mr. FREEMAN, the first stages of their own history in the isle of Britain. Upon their own ground he ranks above PALGRAVE and KEMBLE, and from none of his teachers, says Mr. FREEMAN, has he learned so many new thoughts as from Dr. GUEST, whose death "leaves Dr. STUBBS [the author of the *Constitutional History of England*] without a peer."

It is men like Dr. GUEST—whose name is now first known to us—patient and solitary scholars, conscientiously devoted to their especial study, who give that mellow richness and ripeness to English scholarship, which general readers can feel rather than appreciate. Mr. FREEMAN'S own works are monuments of erudition, yet he is but one of the band of English historical scholars, some of whom are recognized authorities, and some, like GUEST, are absolutely unknown.

It is useless to say that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. But it is certainly true that some very small men make a prodigious noise, while the teachers of the teachers often live unnoticed and die unknown.

PERSONAL.

BARON CHARLES DE ROTHSCHILD, of Frankfort, has just given $160,000 for a silver-gilt cup of marvellous workmanship, made by the celebrated JAMMNITZER. This is said to be the largest price ever paid in modern times for a single object of art. The work is the centre piece of a table service. It formed part of the estate of a Nuremberg banker, and for several years has been in the museum at that place. Baron ROTHSCHILD has long had his eye on it, and finally, after as much diplomatic negotiation as commonly attends the settlement of a great treaty, he has obtained possession of the prize.

—The late Professor JAMES C. WATSON, of Wisconsin, left $60,000 to the National Academy of Sciences of the United States, excepting the sum of $3000, and $200 annuity, which is set apart for the support of his wife, and $150 annuity to his mother. The Madison (Wisconsin) *Journal* says: "Mrs. WATSON is possessed of a considerable property in her own name, which renders her wholly independent of her husband's estate, and it has long been the announced purpose of each, having no children, to donate their respective belongings, after death, to the aid of science."

—The Duchess of Westminster, just deceased, came of a remarkable family. With the exception of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, the late Duchess of Sutherland was the only instance of a peeress having three daughters Duchesses, viz., Leinster, Argyll, and Westminster; and what is more remarkable, the marriages of these ladies were all love matches, and all have left numerous issue. The late Duchess of Westminster was the right woman in the right place, and a true helpmeet to her husband. Their London residence has for the last two years been thrown open to the working class on Sunday afternoons, that it may enjoy the fine collection of pictures. Their eldest son, Lord GROSVENOR, visited New York. The Duke of Westminster is believed to have a larger income than any other British nobleman.

—Of the clergymen of Philadelphia none is held in higher professional or social esteem than Dr. HENRY J. MORTON, who has just celebrated his fiftieth year of service as rector of St. James's Church, in that city. The event was pleasantly remembered by his parishioners, who presented him with a check for $10,005.

—Sir FRANCIS LYCETT, who died recently in England, was a Methodist, noted for liberality. He left a fortune of $1,250,000, of which $115,000 goes to aid in building Wesleyan churches, and after the death of his widow the bulk of his property will be appropriated to the same object.

—Mr. J. W. MACKEY, of California, has intimated his intention of giving $50,000 to Bowdoin College; and Mrs. STONE, of Malden, has just given $5000 in addition to previous large benefactions.

—Mr. CHARLES P. CLINCH, who died a few days since in this city, at the age of eighty-three, was for fifty years connected with the Custom-house in this city, and held in very high esteem by those with whom he was brought into official contact. He was also a gentleman of scholarly acquirements and tastes, and on terms of intimacy with FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, JAMES K. PAULDING, JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, and the literary celebrities of fifty years ago. Probably no man in the country was more conversant with the customs laws and practice, or whose opinion was more respected. He was the only surviving brother of Mrs. A. T. STEWART.

—It is spoken of as something beyond the ordinary in London that ten thousand copies of *Endymion* were sold on the day of its publication. A goodly number, certainly. But the sale of Dr. SAMUEL SMILES'S *Duty*, just republished here by HARPER & BROTHERS, was still more remarkable, fifteen thousand copies having been called for on the day it appeared.

—A paragraph in London *Society* of December 1 says: "Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, the author of the *Queen of Bohemia*, is now back in London, after having been as far West as Chicago. Although he has been greatly *fêted* in the States, and loves America and its people, he says, 'I could almost go down on my knees and kiss the dirt of London.'" On the "soil" and "native heath" question Mr. HATTON is posted.

—Colonel JOHN WHITEHEAD PEARD, who died a few days since at his home in Cornwall, England, was a conspicuous character some twenty years ago, when he was known as "GARIBALDI'S Englishman." He was a warm personal friend of GARIBALDI, having adopted his cause before it became popular, and shared in many of his greatest enterprises, especially in the invasion of Sicily and Naples. In the second expedition to Southern Italy, under General MEDICI, Colonel PEARD, and Mr. THOMAS NAST, the artist, accompanied the expedition, which was under the command of an American named DE ROHAN. When they had been a few days at sea, a vessel was discerned making for them, sailing under a tricolored flag. DE ROHAN ordered the Stars and Stripes to be hoisted, and not overtrustful of his own recruits, ordered NAST to hoist and stand by it, adding the encouraging remark, "If you stir, I will knock your brains out." Colonel PEARD was accompanied by NAST in several important expeditions. For many years past he has resided in Cornwall, where he occupied positions of local importance.

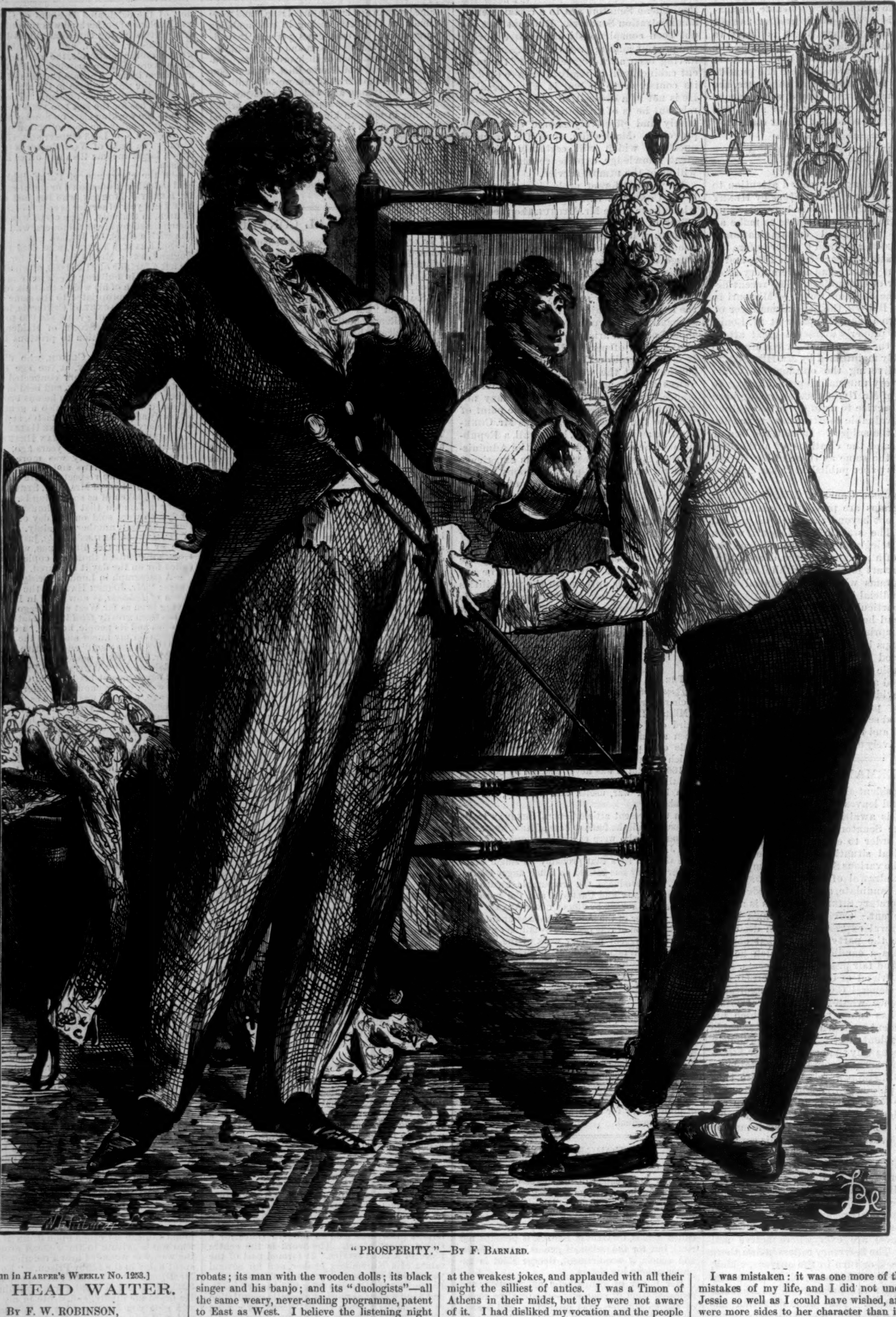
—Duke CHARLES THEODORE, of Bavaria, brother of the Empress ELIZABETH, is one of the most active young doctors of the Vienna hospitals. He took his diploma some time ago, and has practiced assiduously ever since. He is a regular attendant at the lectures of Professor ARIT, and is a clever operator.

—The Veteran Zouaves, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, with whom General GRANT will spend the evening of January 11, served their country during the entire war, their commander, General J. MADISON DRAKE, receiving a medal of honor from Congress for "gallantry and bravery."

—General NELSON A. MILES, the new brigadier-general in the army, is a fine, soldierly-looking man, whose first American ancestor, the Rev. JOHN MILES, was a Puritan minister, who fought Indians in the intervals of preaching. He commanded a company in the war with King PHILIP.

—Bishop ROBERTSON, of Missouri, states that there are 130 converted Jews among the clergy of the Anglican Church, of whom three are bishops. Bishop R. has confirmed several Jews; and Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, says his cathedral at Fairibault, and almost every mission station in his diocese, were partly supported by offerings from Jews who are kindly disposed toward Christianity.

—The "bloated bond-holder" of New York, according to the Rev. A. G. DICKINSON, of Richmond, Virginia, is rather a cheery sort of person to meet. In his efforts to raise money for Richmond College he called upon JOHN H. DEANE, who was a private in the Federal army during the war, was wounded near Fredericksburg, and spent a day in the Libby Prison. "Now," says Mr. DICKINSON, "he has millions, and has given $200,000 to Baptist enterprises within a year. He heard me kindly, and wrote in my book, 'I will give you $1000 the 1st of February, 1881, and will add another $1000 in case you raise $20,000.' Then I visited the DE LANDS, and they subscribed $1000; then I called to see a lady in Fifth Avenue, and she subscribed $300, and intimated she would do more if it were needed to secure Mr. DEANE'S second thousand. The next man I called on was JOHN B. HOYT, the leather merchant. I told him I wanted $5000—one half for Richmond Colored Institute (the Rev. Mr. COREY'S), and the other half for Richmond College. 'Tell me what you are going to do with it,' he replied, and I told him. 'I will do it,' he said, and wrote his obligation for $2500 to the JETER memorial. He will pay the other $2500 to the Rev. Mr. COREY, and will probably make it $10,000."



"PROSPERITY."—By F. Barnard.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1253.]

THE HEAD WAITER.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Coward Conscience," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE APOLLO.

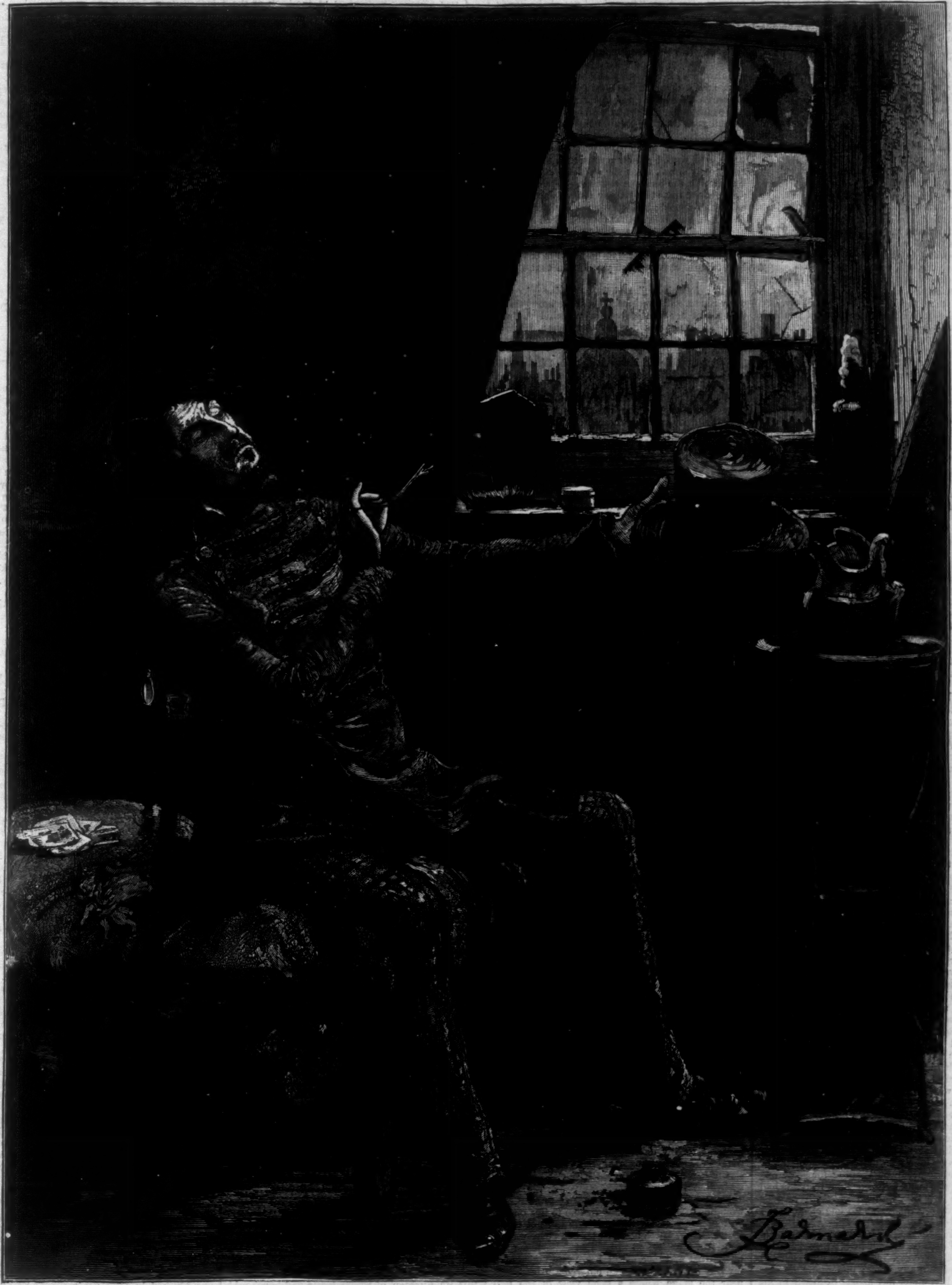
The Apollo was not a music hall of the first class, although the entertainment provided for its patrons was very much like the amusements at establishments in more fashionable thoroughfares. It had its lion comiques; its Florries, Jennies, and Totties, in their vivacious songs and ballads; its weedy, seedy tenors; its sword-swallowers and acrobats; its man with the wooden dolls; its black singer and his banjo; and its "duologists"—all the same weary, never-ending programme, patent to East as West. I believe the listening night after night to these people for whom I had no love, and for whose talents I had not a scrap of admiration, had tended to soften my brain with its terrible monotony. I had had twenty years of it: fancy twenty years of incessant lion comiques, and all the tag-rag of the profession in their rear, and then wonder that I was not a wise man!

Why, the visitors were not wise, much less the man who waited on them. I despised them in my heart: a few of them I hated. I knew them all by sight. They came twice or thrice a week—God knows for what!—and sat with bleared eyes and open mouths: a vacuous, beer-drinking, tobacco-smoking gang, who roared with laughter at the weakest jokes, and applauded with all their might the silliest of antics. I was a Timon of Athens in their midst, but they were not aware of it. I had disliked my vocation and the people by whom I was surrounded, for many years, without uttering a complaint, until Jessie came to take her part in this existence with me, and then my hatred and my horror came rapidly to the front, and it was not an easy task to hide my feelings.

I had had a hope that Jessie would be quickly tired of the Apollo—quickly "sick of it." There was an instinctive good taste in her which would revolt—I was sure of it—against the vulgarities and buffooneries of the singers; she would have satisfied her curiosity quickly, and seen the charms of home again by very contrast with this artificial world.

I was mistaken: it was one more of the many mistakes of my life, and I did not understand Jessie so well as I could have wished, and there were more sides to her character than it was in my power to discover. I was no judge of character—of woman's I was especially ignorant. Well, I had only one to love and work for and think about besides my little girl—what wonder if women were enigmas to me? I might have understood Jessie, you may think, at least, but I did not; I only thought I did.

Jessie found some amusement in the singers and dancers at the Apollo; it was a new existence, and the novelty of it all had a strange effect upon her. She was an excitable little woman, with whom excitement seemed to agree. Her despondent fits passed away; she was singing about the house again, only her songs were



"ADVERSITY."—By F. Barnard.

the hideous ditties of the night before. She worked hard throughout the day. She did not in any way neglect her child; she was more affectionate to her. And yet the experiment of change was hardly satisfactory. I was very glad that she was better in health, but I should have liked her less at the Apollo.

She was a quiet, demure lady enough there, but people looked at her, and wondered at her, and of course the chairman, after a while, and one or two of the gentlemen of the orchestra—oh, they were pretty gentlemen, poor fellows!—exchanged a few passing civilities as she became known to them by sight, known to them by hearsay, as old Durnford's wife. I had nothing to be jealous about. Jessie was amiable and pleasant, and her manners were not the manners of many of the women at these places; she had a civil answer to a civil question, and an honest smile for those friends she made by degrees, and who smiled honestly at her. Still, I was secretly unhappy, jealous of any one who spoke to her or looked at her, and she made friends, as I have said.

Now and then it happened that a stranger would address her—a man with an extra degree of impudence in him, or an extra glass of spirits—but he was generally put in his place and told to mind his own business by Jessie. My young wife was vain, probably, but she did not seek for the attentions or admiration of the stranger, and no one had a word to say against her for a long while.

For a long while only—the slander came in its time, and the suspicions followed, and there was no peace of mind for me from that day. What could an old duffer like Durnford expect, who brought his young and pretty wife to the Apollo! Oh, the grand chorus of "I told you so," that I had to listen to and endure!

One evening I had been extra busy at the Apollo; it had been Mr. Wheezy's benefit, and there were extra attractions, and a host of Wheezy's bibulous friends to support them and Wheezy, and the place was crowded in every hole and corner. I had had some difficulty in keeping a place for Jessie, and presently she was almost lost to my sight by the men and women who hemmed her round with the camp-stools we had been compelled to bring in to accommodate our numerous patrons. I had no time to speak to my wife that evening; I was content to glance at her now and then when passing by.

It was close upon nine o'clock when I met her in the lobby beyond the swing glass door which led into the hall. Her face was very pale, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Jessie, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm going home—that's all."

"Has—has anybody offended you?" I inquired. "Has anything been said on the stage that—"

"Don't be ridiculous, Jacob," she cried, piteously; "nothing's the matter, only I don't feel very well, and the place is dreadfully hot, and I thought I should faint."

"You look like a ghost," I said, "or as if you had seen one."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, so sharply that I went back a step or two in dismay at her violence.

"I don't mean anything but that you are very pale," I explained.

"Yes, I dare say I am," she said; "I—I

thought you were throwing off at me. Good-night. I am going straight home."

"Don't sit up for me; I shall be late to-night with this confounded benefit."

"I'm afraid you will. No, I shall not stop up."

"And—"

But she did not want to hear any farther instructions; she hurried away like a woman eager for fresh air, and I went slowly down the lobby, thinking of her. The swing glass door was opened suddenly as I approached it, and it was only by a sidewise movement that I escaped collision with a gentleman who came striding from the hall.

"Here, you, sir, which way has she gone?" he asked of me, peremptorily.

"Which way—has *who* gone?"

"Jessie—I mean the lady who came out just now," he said. "You must have passed her."

I turned faint and ill myself, I think, for I lost sight of this man for a moment, and the lights in the lobby looked to me like hazy moons struggling to shine through a thick mist.

"You idiot—don't you understand?" the man said, passionately.

"Do you know the lady?" I asked, slowly.

"What the devil's business is that of yours?"

"The devil's business—ah! very likely it is," I answered, thoughtfully; and the man stared at me, and fancied I was mad. Yet I was very cunning in my madness, and an awful liar.

"The lady has gone into the balcony up stairs; she thinks she can see better there."

"Thanks, old man; why didn't you say so before?" and as he hastened away he pitched a shilling into my tray as a reward for my piece of information.

I could have almost laughed at this, only my thoughts were many, and were heart-sickening after a time. I had so much upon my mind, so many doubts crowding in upon the orders for drink, so many customers to attend to, or to neglect, and such strange thoughts of home and Jessie.

I tried to think it all a mistake—that this man had only been attracted by her fresh young face, her strange position there, her isolation; but the mention of her Christian name, his anxious search in the gallery above-stairs, the grave expression that he wore now—I watched him more closely than any one could have thought possible that busy night—convinced me almost that there was a motive for his search not born of a rake's passing fancy for a pretty woman.

When he came into the stalls again, as if expecting to find her in her old place, he scowled at me for an instant, and then vanished into the street.

I returned home very tired that night, and very much bewildered. The hall had been open till two by special permission of the police, and it was close upon three when I reached home. To my astonishment, Jessie was in the front room, stitching away as for dear life.

"Sitting up!" I said, in my astonishment.

"Yes; I couldn't sleep. I thought I would get on with my work. It was better than lying staring at the ceiling, wasn't it?"

"Well, perhaps so," I replied. "Do you feel pretty well now?"

"Oh, I'm well enough."

I did not ask her any more questions; I did not allude to the gentleman who had been in search of her, and had given me a shilling for false information; I waited for her to tell her story, if she had one, and she never said a word. Perhaps it was all fancy—probably it was, I tried to think—and she was unconscious of the admirer who had suddenly sprung up in her path. She did not go to the Apollo for two or three weeks after this; she did not care about it, she said; she was tired, or had too much work to do.

I was glad to hear her say this, though I was sorry to see how despondent and fretful she grew once more; and my suspicions seemed to die away until *he* came again to the Apollo. I recognized him at once; I believe I knew he was there before I had seen him, by a death-like coldness which came upon me suddenly, as if some spectre had glided into the place. At all events, my knees knocked together when I had seen him, and there was a choking sensation behind my rusty stock.

He did not know me; but I knew him, and what he had come for. He stood at the glass doors, and looked at the stage from time to time, but his quick, eager glance toward every new-comer showed he was waiting for some one, or in search of some one. Waiting for some one as if by appointment, I feared; and if Jessie had entered the hall that night, I should have gone dead off, I'm certain. But no one came, and I was very glad.

He lingered there till a late hour. I was keenly watchful of him, though in his preoccupation he did not observe me. From this night forth I should know him anywhere; under any circumstances of life, under any aspect of death, in his fashionable dress, or in his coffin, that man would never be forgotten or mistaken for another. He was a handsome man, of some eight-and-twenty years of age; hardly like a gentleman in appearance, though dressed like one, and striving hard to pass for one. He was not one of "the real sort"; and a waiter knows the real sort more quickly than anybody else. The real sort, after all, is rather scarce; at the Apollo it was very scarce indeed, although sometimes found in an inebriated condition, with its hat on the back of the head, strolling in to oblige Florrie or Tottie, and to cry "Bravo!"

This man I did not like, though I could not make him out. He was not a betting man, for the men who came to bet, who were known on every English race-course, and who patronized the Apollo, passed him without recognition; the "season tickets"—male and female—did not nod to him, and he took no notice of them; to the waiters he was a stranger; the professionals who came in after their "turns" did not shake hands with him and hint that they were thirsty; he was not known to the police.

He was there the next night—then he missed two nights, and came in late on the Saturday, well dressed, carefully gloved, with a hat intensely shiny, a white flower in the button-hole of his coat, and a diamond breastpin which one could see *was* a diamond at any distance off.

He disappeared again for a week, and I thought he had gone away—given up his search, perhaps—for good. I was exultant, though it did not seem to matter much now that Jessie did not come, and then I grew nervous, and stupid, and completely dazed, when she suddenly startled me by entering the hall one evening.

"I could not stand it any longer, Jacob," she said, half-apologetically even; "I should have gone mad all alone in that room if I had kept in-doors another night. I couldn't keep at home—I couldn't really."

"Very well," I said; "of course it is better to have a little change when you feel in that unsettled state."

"Yes, I think so;" and then she glanced nervously round, and continued at strange intervals to look about her in a scared way which I did not like. I did not ask her any questions; if I had any counsel of my own to keep, I kept it, God knows, very well.

I was as sure as I was living that he would come that night in search of her, but he did not; I was always wrong, it seemed. I could have believed I had set him aside—almost forgotten him—the next week. The week after that—one Tuesday evening, when Jessie was in the hall, he passed me whilst I was getting in my orders at the outer bar. They would meet at last, then—and I should not see their meeting. I should only suffer the torments of the damned in guessing at it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAME MAN!

HAD not Harry Plantagenet, general manager of the Apollo, been at my side at the very moment, and asking me innumerable questions, and hinting that I was not sufficiently energetic in seeing that my waiters went round regularly for orders, I might have thrown down my tray on the floor, and followed swiftly on the heels of the man who was in search of Jessie Durnford. I don't know what restrained me—habit, the custom of my class, the divinity that hedged Plantagenet, and made a divinity of him; but I did not return to the hall until the manager had had "his say" out, and my tray was heaped with bottles and glasses. I went down the lobby with very shaky legs, and with my choking sensation, of which I have already spoken, getting the better of me rapidly. Why my heart should beat so terribly fast was hard to explain. I was very fond of Jessie, but I could trust her, surely. And she was fond of me, in her way, and if in a different way, still fond. In all our wedded life, even in this hateful place to which I was bound hand and foot, she had never given me real cause for jealousy, had never shown herself to be one of that hateful class of women ever craving for the attentions of the men. I had been jealous once or twice, being an old fool, as you know, but I had always seen afterward, and very clearly, how completely I had been mistaken. Perhaps I was mistaken now—God grant I might be! If I should not see them together, I should think it one more of my delusions. I was full of fancies, and this might be another of them.

All these thoughts passed through my brain in the lobby. I pushed open the inner door presently, and glanced toward the seat where I had left Jessie last. Then I stood for a moment, more like a statue than a man, although the glasses jingled on the tray a lively measure, as if mocking me. They were side by side, as I hoped they might not be—as I fancied that they would not be, and feared they would—side by side, and talking very earnestly together, but with grave faces which were out of place in this den of the frivolities.

It was Jessie who saw me first, whose eyes had been upon the entrance door all the while, but had failed to perceive me until I had come to a full stop. She colored, and forced a smile, even beckoned to me at last; but I resumed my progress slowly across the hall, fulfilled my various orders, took my money, gave my usual grateful thanks for every donation to the waiter, and went slowly out of the hall again without looking in their direction.

I was too busy to speak to her at present, she would conclude, and I should come to her on the first moment of my leisure. She did not think that I should watch her—I who had never watched her in my life, and to her had only shown implicit trust and love. But I stole up stairs with my tray under my arm, and entered a private box near the stage, where a good view of the hall could be obtained. Standing in the shadow there, I could see what went on below. They would wonder at the bar what had become of me. Let them wonder to their lives' ends, for what I cared for any of them now!

I could see my wife and her companion very plainly. What could they have to talk about with such intentness that even Leopold Filberts, in his screaming ditty, "I'm a Scorcher," failed to attract a scrap of their attention? They were in a world of their own, far apart from this one; they were not at the Apollo. The great Leopold might have been a scarecrow set up there, for what they knew of the matter. Good God! what had the man to say to her that she should take her handkerchief from her pocket to stanch her tears, that she should try to hide them from him, and that he should gesticulate and talk loudly, until she bade him speak in a lower key? What was the secret between those two?—how long had it lasted, and when did it begin?

I was standing motionless at the back of the box, when the door opened, and Mr. Plantagenet burst in, raving, and frothing at the mouth. He had an unpleasant habit of frothing at the mouth when very much put out, which he was on this occasion.

"What the foul fiend and all his imps are you hiding here for?" he exclaimed, adding much more forcible language, also, that I will not repeat in this chronicle.

"Don't you know everybody is looking for you," he went on, "and nothing is being done? What the devil are you up to, Durnford? Are you drunk, or mad?"

"Not drunk, only going mad, sir."

"Well, of all the confounded— Ain't you well, old cove?" he asked, suddenly, and in a friendly tone, as he looked more closely at me. There must have been something very strange in my face to frighten him.

"No—yes. I'll come directly; don't trouble about me."

"What are you staring at? What's up down stairs? What is it?" he inquired, taking his place by my side, and looking down into the hall from my own point of view. There was a pause, then he burst into a loud laugh.

"Oh! oh! I see now. The green-eyed monster, is it, Durnford?"

"Who is the man talking to—my wife?"

"Blest if I know. You should not bring your wife here if you don't like any one talking to her. Serve you right."

"Yes, so it does. But don't *you* tell me so again."

Harry Plantagenet was twice my size and twenty years my junior, but he backed rapidly out of the box as if afraid of me, or of the sharp edge of the tray I still clutched in my hand.

"Stash it, old man. I shall send for the police if you go on like this—I shall indeed."

"Send for them if you like."

"Are you coming to your work, or not? That's all I have got to say at present."

"I'm coming."

"I shall report you on Saturday to Wheezy, mind you."

"You can do as you please, sir," I said, less disturbed now, and more coolly insolent. I followed him out of the box and down stairs. I went about my business oddly enough, but in some sort of fashion. I found the courage to go into the hall again as if nothing had happened.

As if nothing had happened! As if my whole life was not changed from that accursed night. As if the blight had not settled on me and *her* forever, and there was no getting it away.

When I was in the hall, she beckoned to me. She was smiling, and like her usual self. I might have fallen asleep in the private box and dreamed it all, for what evidence there was now of any trouble to her. I went toward her this time; I was very cool and self-possessed on my own account now, and there was no guessing either what had come to me.

"Jacob, I have met an old friend to-night; such an old friend!" she added, lightly—"Mr. Rushton."

She indicated the man by her side with a graceful wave of the hand, and said to him:

"This is my husband, Mr. Durnford. He is a waiter here—the head waiter."

She looked steadily at him, as if she were defying him and his opinion of me; but he answered, graciously, far too graciously to my taste:

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Durnford. I dare say you remember my name?"

"I have not heard it before in all my life. Any orders, sir?"

The reader sees how cool I was, I hope.

He did not take any notice of my inquiry, but thought, probably, that I was a little too eager for business. It was Jessie who spoke next.

"How forgetful you are, Jacob! Why, I have spoken of Mr. Rushton a hundred times to you. He was our walker at Miller's. Weren't you?"

"I was, Jessie, and no mistake," he replied. "And a hateful berth it was."

I suppose I must have looked a little strange now, for my wife said:

"He used to always call me Jessie in business. But that won't do now, Mr. Rushton," she added, turning to him.

"No, I suppose not," was his reply. "I beg pardon, I'm sure."

"Are there any orders?" I inquired.

"What will you take yourself, to begin with?" he said.

"Nothing, thank you," I replied; "I never drink in business hours."

"Well, get a bottle of fizz for me, and for the good of the house," he said.

"A bottle of Champagne for you and the lady? Yes, sir. What brand?"

"Oh, any brand; I'll leave it to you."

"Very good, sir."

I would treat him as a customer, not as a friend, this Mr. Rushton, of whom Jessie had never said a single word in all her life, whose name had been scrupulously kept back from me, I was quite certain. I went away for the wine. When I returned he was sitting alone, and Jessie had disappeared.

I did not affect any surprise. I placed the two glasses before him, and uncorked the bottle. He was the centre of attraction now: a man who drank Champagne at the Apollo was something out of the common, except on benefit and race nights. Even Cadby, from his chair, looked toward him with evident interest.

"Mrs. Durnford has gone home," he said. "She desired me to tell you that—that she shouldn't stop any longer."

"Ten and sixpence, if you please," I replied.

"There's your money. Won't you—" And he pointed to the second glass I had filled.

"I don't drink Champagne," I answered, as I walked away from him.

I went to the front door of the Apollo, and looked up and down the street, but there was no sign of Jessie. I went back to the hall to make sure that he was there drinking his Champagne, from two glasses, in solitary splendor. Had he got up to go, I should have followed him bare-headed about the streets, I was sure; but he remained, and my wife was safe without him. When I reached home that night she was asleep, with her child, which she had taken out of her crib, nestling by her side. Though I was not used to praying much, I knelt down and prayed that night.

I hardly know now for what I prayed. It seems such a long time ago, and my memory is not what it was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG THE BUDS.

"How beautiful everything looks, and how large and early all your bloom is! People may talk about Torquay; but I was down there yesterday, and I find you a week in front of them. Well done, Christowell! Torquay has not a pear bloom open yet, even in Morgan's garden. But perhaps you grow the earlier sorts?"

Parson Short and Captain Larks were hearty friends by this time, for each of them loved the truthful staple and kindly heart of the other. The clergyman had too much self-respect to pry into the layman's history. He took him as he found him—a gentle, intelligent, peaceful, and orthodox rate-payer.

"The earliest fruit is not the first to bloom," the gardener answered, with his pruning-knife at work; "or, at any rate, not of necessity. The later kind often is the first in bloom."

"Well, I never knew that. But I see the reason. Slow fellows want a good start, as in a race. I like to hear of little things that I have never noticed, for an apple or a pear are pretty much the same to me. And that reminds me of the thing I came to ask you. Yesterday I rode down to Torquay because the dog Nous wanted exercise; and there, upon the pier, I met an ancient friend whom I value and admire greatly. By the death of an uncle he has come into a large estate on the west side of the moor, and there he is going to improve the garden. He has never had a chance of gardening much; but he loves it almost as much as you do, especially the fruit and the vegetable stuff. He knows next to nothing about it; but that adds enormously to the enchantment. He has heard of you, as a mighty man of fruit, from nurserymen near Exeter. And instead of burning, as he should have done, to come and see me, the parson, all he seemed to care about was to see you—you, the gardener, and your garden!"

"I ought to be obliged to him, even more than I am," Mr. Arthur answered, plainly. "One of the many plagues of gardening is that the public regard it as a mere amusement which is carried on for them to stare at, like cricket on the village green. The general idea of a garden is—a place to sit down in and smoke pipes."

"And the right view of the subject, too," replied Mr. Short, who understood his man, and how soon his petulance broke up into a smile. "My friend, I will take your hint. My pipe is ready. I will sit, and watch your labors, and learn much."

"That you will never do," the other answered, smiling at the turn of the mood upon him, "simply because it is not in you. From morning till night you might think you were watching, and go away not a twig the wiser, because you were not born for it, any more than I for Greek verbs and pithy sermons. Why do I cut to this bud, now? I have told you fifty times, but you can not tell me now."

"Slash away all the buds," said Mr. Short, for fear of making a wrong hit at it, "so long as you know, and the bud understands it—but here comes the fairest bud of all, my little Rose-bud. How are you, my dear? And why does your father cut back to you? Is it because you grow in the right direction?"

"I have stopped growing long ago in every direction," she answered, looking far away above the hat of Mr. Short; for her views of life were becoming large, and it liked her not to be called "my dear," even from the force of habit. And then she feared that she had gone too far, especially in looking such a height above him. So she blushed in pure penitence, and was almost ready to offer her father's friend a kiss, as used to be done of old when she met him on the first morning of the holidays. But the vicar took no offense, and heeded not her communings, for he did not want to enter into young girls' minds.

"Now what would this child do to express her gratitude"—he put it to her father, with a nod of understanding—"supposing that I were to bring her a hero? A genuine hero of valor and of chivalry, such a man as she has only dreamed of, or perhaps read about him, and got tired."

"I never get tired of reading of heroes, and how could I get tired of looking at them?"

"That is quite another pair of shoes, Miss Rose. My friend is not wonderful to look at, as the men seldom are who have wrought great wonders. But you could not help liking and admiring him, because he does it to himself so little. And he will admire you, I can tell you. Coax your dear father to let me bring him."

"My poor little place and my puny experi-

ments," Mr. Arthur said, with that large humility which marks the true gardener (as long as he is praised), "are always at the service of the lover of the craft who is good enough to think that I can teach him something. At the same time it must be kindly borne in mind that I am but a learner, and make no pretense to knowledge."

"To be sure, my dear sir. All allowance will be made. We can not, for instance, expect you to be like the great Scotch gardener at Lord Bicton's place."

"It would grieve me and disgrace me to be like that fellow. I would not let him come here, with his crooked-bladed knife, if he paid me £5 a day for it. Miserable numskull!"

"Even I should know better than to do what he does," cried Rose, running up to a fine pear-tree. "He nails the young wood of a wall tree down the trunk, like this, positively; and drives the great nails into the poor thing's breast!"

"Excellent idea!" cried Mr. Short, laughing at the horror on the maiden's face. "So he makes the tree really self-supporting; and it feeds its young, like a pelican, out of its own breast."

"No; it feeds the nails like that," she answered—"the great rusty nails, and the dirty weeds, and snails; and no nourishment for the poor fruit at all. Oh, Mr. Short, how very little you do know!"

"How may I attain to such rare knowledge? If I only had the stuff in me, you might improve it. But, alas! I have not the most raw material. But my old friend across the moor has got the making in him; and he seems to see the principles, if he could only get the practice."

"So far as concerns my scraps of knowledge, and my humble premises," the owner answered, as he looked about him, with no other flourish than a clapping of his clips; "they are wholly at the service of a friend of yours. It will give me great pleasure to see him, when he pleases. And if you will let me know the day, I will have my little draw-bridge down."

"Now I call that really kind of you, because I know that you are pressed for time just now. And that made me enlist little Rosie on my side. I will write at once to Colonel Westcombe; he will ride over to my early dinner, at which I shall be proud if you and your dear child will join us. Then we will have the old four-wheel out, and come up the hill all together."

"Oh, what a pleasure it will be! Papa, you had better not say 'No', or you never shall hear the last of it. But what have you discovered so important in the brook? Is it a salmon? No; they can't get up here. It must be the otter once more. Mr. Short, oh, do come with Nous and your double-barrelled gun."

"It is not at all an easy thing to shoot an otter," said the parson, a dear lover of the rod and gun; "but if you have an otter here, he will harry your trout dreadfully. The only way to get a shot is to lie hid for hours. Nous would do more harm than good, freely as he takes the water. But, Arthur, you understand all that. I am sure that you are an old sportsman."

"I used to be fond of the gun," said his host; "but I never shoot now, and shall never shoot again."

Mr. Short was surprised at the tone of his voice, and the change in his face and manner. What was become of his frank complacence, and light smile at his own conceit, and glances of fatherly pride at his Rose? Instead of all that, he looked troubled and perplexed, and preparing to contend with some new grief. Even his lively child saw this; though as yet she had not learned to study a face whose only expression for her was love.

"I fear that I have vexed you," the clergyman said, kindly, "by striving to draw you from your good and quiet habits. I can well understand your dislike to be disturbed, such as I very often have myself. Leave it to me to settle with Colonel Westcombe. I can easily do it without offending him. The fault has been wholly my own, for not considering. I hope that you will pardon me, and I am sure Jack Westcombe will, for he is one of the noblest-hearted fellows living."

"That he is. Right well I know it," Mr. Arthur answered, with more warmth than prudence. "But, alas! what a number of my pots are broken! Let us go in. The sun is droughty. We have hit upon a most prime blend of cider; but I dare not bottle any till I have your *imprimatur*."

"You shall have the full benefit of my judgment," the parson answered, briskly; "after the tug of the morning I deserve even better than Christow water. My acquaintance with fruit is chiefly liquid, in spite of all your lectures. Miss Rose, answer me one question, if you can, and young ladies nowadays are taught all paradoxes. Why should milk become solid, and apples liquid, by the self-same process of thumping?"

"Because, because—because I don't know. And can you explain to me, Mr. Short, how a man can be beaten black and blue? If he is black, he can never be blue."

"Nothing can be simpler. At first he is black; and as he begins to get better he turns blue."

Such nonsense they were talking, not of their own folly, but simply to carry off the awkward time, as they followed Captain Larks to the cottage. He turned round, now and then, to seem to heed them; but they knew, better than himself, perhaps, that his mind was far away, and that his cheerfulness was gone. Then he roused up his spirits to discharge fair duties as a host, at which he was always good with the very few whom he received as guests. His graceful young daughter, with her hat thrown off, and clusters of nut-brown hair tied back, flitted across the bars of sunshine checkered by some Banksian sprays, while she spread upon the table shadow and, still better, substance of the things that nourish life. Bread, that is to say, and butter (beaded as with meadow dew), honey-comb, gladdened with the moorland scent, and the thickset mettle of a home-fed ham, where fat and lean played into one another sweetly, like moonlight among roses. In the thick of temptation reposed Cos-lettuce, cold and crisp and beautiful, and justly divided by a thin, sharp knife, showing follicle, frill, and crimp broidery of gold, in and out of cells and fronds and filigree of carved ivory. Neither were the fluid creatures absent; cider was there, like an amber fountain springing into beads of pearl, and bright ale, comrade of the labors of mankind; and, for the weaker vessels, water. Not yet was vapid claret shed like vinegar on the English rock.

Distributing good supply, and partaking fairly to commend it, the host began to regard the world with larger benevolence and hope. He looked at his child, who was doing her best to smile away sudden disturbance, and to set their visitor at his ease; and then he looked at this pleasant friend, who had shown such good-breeding and submission to his mood. And with that Mr. Arthur was fain to confess that he had allowed himself to be surprised out of his usual respect for others.

The vicar (although a testy man with strangers or with upstarts) not only did not show, but did not even feel, resentment now. He had faith in his friend that there must be sound reason for the refusal of his request, and he fully expected some explanation, perhaps when Rose should be out of the way. So he thoroughly enjoyed the simple fare, and resolved to enrage his cook, Mrs. Aggett, by a fulsome description of the Captain's ham. For this he deserved to have his banquet interrupted, and so it was very speedily.

"Well, I do declare," cried the quick-eyed Rose, as she helped him to some honey for the crown of his repast, "the very queerest figure that you can imagine is trying to get across our steps!"

"Ungrateful damsel!" Mr. Short replied, as he went to the bud-covered lattice. "Have you no sense of a most distinguished honor? It is the mighty Solomon, and he bears a letter."

"Surely you don't mean Betty Cork's boy, who went about for Dr. Perperaps? The one that rose into the 'loftier spear?'"

"To be sure; Lady Touchwood's page he is. And she so arrays him that our wag, the cobbler's boy, who used to call him 'Solomon Senna,' now has dubbed him 'Solomon's Glory.'"

"Glorious he may be," said Rose, "but he seems in a very sad fright at present, and he can not take my jump. Father dear, shall I go and ask him what he wants?"

"After all, the honor is not for you, but my humble self," interposed Mr. Short. "He is screaming at the top of his voice, 'Passon Shart.' Don't think of letting down the draw-bridge. I will make him walk through, just to spoil his grand livery."

"Oh, if you are not afraid of 'my lady,' do make him walk through the water while I see him."

"Rose, you are too mischievous," said Mr. Arthur, getting up. "I will go and take the boy's message myself. We must not carry things too far."

In a minute or two he returned with a letter, sealed with a formidable coat of arms, and addressed to "The Revd. Tom Short, Christowell Vicarage—*important*."

"Plague upon the woman!" cried that reverend gentleman. "She wants me on the instant, about something most momentous; and Mrs. Aggett has been stupe enough to send the boy on here. It is nothing but one of her little tempers. However, I must go home, and ride away at once, though my horse is entitled to a good day in stable."

"I wanted to show you a whole quantity of things," replied his host, with unfeigned disappointment; for the bloom of the pleasure of good work fades when nobody comes to admire it. "It is more than a fortnight since you were here; and a fortnight of April is as much as a month at almost any other time. And if you care little for fruit, you love flowers."

"The rose, the rose, the rose for me!" Mr. Short exclaimed, with a smile at the blushing specimen before him. "I shall write you the song of the rose some day. I know a little Rose who considers me a nightingale. Even so, I must fly immediately. May I let down the planch for myself, good host?"

They would not hear of this, but bore him company down the winding walk, where the pear-tree was clustering its petalled cups of snow, and the apple beginning in the slant sunshine to unravel the down of its bossy green truss. Then the gardener himself let down his "planch" over the wavering glitter of the brook, and crossing the meadow, where Mopsy the cow lived, they came to the private door into the lane. Here Christowell shone in the haze of spring below them, and the hoary old church, beyond the flash of hasty waters, looked holy and peaceful as the tombs around it.

"Be sure that you come again soon," cried Rose, running lightly back to the lane, while her father was going home across the mead. "Please to come to-morrow, if you possibly can, and tell us every syllable about that Lady Touchwood; she puzzles me so dreadfully, Mr. Short."

"Lady Touchwood will say, when she hears where I have been, 'Tell me every syllable about that Miss Arthur; she is such a puzzle to me, Mr. Short!'"

No sooner had he spoken than he deeply regretted his stupid little slip of tongue, because he saw that he had given pain. Rose made no answer, but colored deeply, and turned away with a courtesy; then, rejoining her father, she clung closely to his arm.

"Poor dear!" thought the vicar, who loved his light-hearted and sweet parishioner, pastorally. "I heartily trust that I am altogether wrong. But, if I know anything of the world, that pretty girl, and good girl, has no happy life before her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOING TO BED AND GETTING UP.

The difficulty that confronts us at the outset of a discussion of this question of how much sleep one should take is a practical one. Many people regularly get up and go to bed early. Many more regularly get up and go to bed late. Some rise early and take rest late, regularly. Some as regularly get up late and go to bed early. With others all these variations occur, only irregularly. They are sometimes late and sometimes early, sometimes in one way, sometimes in the other, sometimes in both. The early riser may spend more time in bed then he who gets up late, and the man who goes to bed with clock-work regularity may have a shorter day for work than he who goes to bed and gets up at all hours. Where shall we find, amidst all this shifting and confusion, a stationary point from which we may get a clear view of what should be the relation between the time of getting up and the time of going to bed?

Now there can be little doubt that as a general rule—and therefore setting aside all exceptional cases, some of which are sufficiently startling, we know—the time at which we go to bed is not nearly so important to the welfare of the day as the time at which we get up. A person may go to bed punctually, and even keep nursery time, but if he be uncertain or systematically late in the morning, he will not, as a rule, make so much of the day as he would if he got up regularly in the morning, whatever be the hour he went to bed at night. We are not speaking of children, or of invalids, or of any exceptional cases, but of men and women in ordinary health and working trim, and of men and women who have a mind to do their work—ay, and enjoy their work, and their whole being too, to the best of their ability. And we say that there is a gain to the whole day in bodily and mental power, in tone, in temper, and in the quality if not the quantity of time—an advantage which can better be experienced than described—in regular if not early rising, which no early hours at night can make up for, and which not even late hours at night can entirely take away. The old rhyme, it is true, makes the two things of co-ordinate importance—"Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise"; but however true this may be, it is equally true, and of much greater width of practical application, that, of the two, early, or at least regular rising, is the one which alone is *essential* to our true prosperity.

We take this, then, for our stationary or starting point, that nothing will make amends for the want of at least regularity in rising in the morning: other things may vary, and may diminish or increase the benefit, but this must be a constant quantity. No one, as a rule, can live as he might and ought to live except he is regular in the morning.

And if we are thus regular—that is, if we can habitually depend on ourselves to get up in the morning when we know we ought—then a good deal of latitude may be allowed us both as to the time we go to bed and as to the regularity with which we adhere to it. Such latitude can never become license so long as it is thus rigidly attached to the condition of unfailing regularity in the morning.

In that case the time for going to bed will simply be the time that will give us the quantity of sleep we require before getting up. That quantity each must judge of for himself. Happily, with healthy persons, the hours between going to bed and rising are the measure of sleep. Probably most people take a larger measure of sleep than they absolutely require, though it is not easy to determine what it should be, and we do not all want the same.

Practically, however, the difficulty is to *keep* to this time. It is a difficulty many never in the least experience. They are always ready for bed when the time comes. They can hardly keep their eyes open as the clock points to the accustomed hour for rest. But it is a real difficulty with others, and from the very opposite reason to that which makes it so difficult for some to get up in the morning at the proper time. The reason why many cleave to their bed in the morning as if it were rubbed with a loadstone, and they were made of steel, is because they are hardly more than half alive; but the reason why others almost shun their bed at bed-time, and feel no sort of attraction to it, is just the reverse of this: it is because they feel so *much* alive, so wide awake, so sensible to enjoyment, so much *more* alive, perhaps, than at any other time of day. And when this difficulty is experienced, a good deal of latitude, we think, may reasonably and wisely be allowed, because the relation between the times of going to bed and getting up is such that where the latter is constantly and inviolably adhered to, the former may vary in some degree without serious prejudice to the day's work.

It is simply a question of health. No one has any right to curtail his hours of rest habitually so as to injure that. But sleep, though "tired nature's sweet restorer," is not the only recreative agency that fits us for our work, and it is quite possible that at least occasionally the curtailment of the period of rest may be more than compensated from other sources of refreshment and renovation. For when we speak of health we mean health of mind as well as health of body. A man may sleep the clock round and not be so invigorated for duty as another who has slept scarce half the time, because one has lain down in an unhealthy frame of mind, while the other has gone to bed with a mind cheerful and contented—refreshed, it may be, with some wholesome intercourse. And for the same reason, because what is really healthy must be healthy for the mind, it is miserable compensation for encroaching on the needful hours of rest to close the day with amusements that tend to dissipate and enervate the mind, even though, which is sometimes but not generally the case, we never allow them to interfere with our regularity in the morning.

But there are amusements, and sources of refreshment, and means of enjoyment, that are healthful to the mind, and to be used with thankfulness. It would be better, perhaps, if not even these were allowed to tempt us to irregularity in the time we give ourselves for sleep; but when they do so tempt us, and we yield to the temptation, but retain our allegiance to morning punctuality, then may we deal very gently with our frailty, we repeat, and not be too extreme to mark what is done amiss in this respect by ourselves or others. We can not, indeed, be too severe in condemning or avoiding any departure from principle, or any habit which tends to make life less useful and real. Yet, after all, business and work are not everything. Earnest minds are too apt to picture duty as interfering with their enjoyments much as Sancho Panza's court physician interfered with his dishes. That renowned squire, it may be remembered, when he sat down to his first royal repast, had no satisfaction, but only bitter vexation, as he saw dish after dish ordered off before his longing eyes as being unwholesome for him. So, in like manner, it is possible to look with too much suspicion on our lawful enjoyments, as if there were something in them necessarily antagonistic to the real business of life, instead of regarding them as some of the "all things" which are given us "to enjoy," being jealously on our guard only lest "inordinate affection" should instill its poison into what is otherwise healthful and good.

We must sum up our suggestions: Be to the virtue of regularity in the morning "very kind"; be to the fault of irregularity at night "a little blind."

Doubtless there are many to whom they can not apply. These do well in life and prosper in almost entire opposition to what we have been suggesting. We remember an old Cambridge professor who for years had sat up reading till two and got up at seven, and was still tough and hearty. Men have done good work in their day who nevertheless have loved their bed at the wrong time. There is no end to the vagaries which men and women of energy and mark have carried on in regard to this simple matter of going to bed. But they are exceptions to the rule; and the broad rule we venture to lay down for ordinary folk to try and follow is, Make sure of your morning, and get to bed as soon as you comfortably can.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

He opened the door cautiously, and poking his head in in a suggestive sort of way, as if there was more to follow, inquired, "Is this the editorial rinktum?" "The what, my friend?" "Is this the rinktum, sinktum, sanctum, or some such place, where the editors live?" "This is the editorial room—yes, sir; come in." "No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good-day."

A mother, trying to get her little daughter of three years to sleep one night, said, "Annie, why don't you try to go to sleep?" "I am trying." "But you haven't shut your eyes." "Well, I can't help it; ums come unbuttoned."

A bright little boy who had been engaged in combat with another boy was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched into him." "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."

A WANT SUPPLIED.

Smithers. "Why, Swellington, what ever are you doing with two hats?"

Swellington. "Idea of my own, dear boy. In this country a fellow is always lifting his hat. What are the consequences?—disreputable tiles, colds in the head. What's the remedy?—a *bowing hat!*"

An elderly resident of Newtown was approached by an agent for a cyclopedia. "I guess I won't get one," said the elderly citizen, and frankly added, "I know I never could learn to ride one of the pesky things."

A little boy was told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he; "mother, I ain't a gun."

"Sit down," said a handsomely dressed and vivacious young lady at a fashionable watering-place—"sit down; it's about the only thing you can do here without paying for it."

"I take my tex dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat po'tion ob de Scripture whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Fesions."

"Darling, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the done half, love."

How does a stove feel when full of coals?—Grateful.

After the wedding breakfast; departure of the happy pair.

Child. "Why do you throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?"

Young Lady. "For luck, dear."

Child. "And why doesn't she throw them back?"

Young Lady. "Oh, that would be rude."

Child (*promptly*). "No, it wouldn't. Ma does."

[*Pleasant for "ma" and "pa," who overhear, and know that others overhear also.*

Dr. Emmons, the able New England divine, met a Pantheistical physician at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a dispute; but the abrupt question of the Pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?" "Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" "As old as creation," was the triumphant response. "Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?" "Certainly. I was in the garden when they were." "I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you," rejoined the divine.

School-Master. "Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet; now answer me, who was the father of these gentlemen?" (Boys silent.) "You can not tell? Well, now, let's try again. You know Mr. Sparkes, who lives over the way?"

Boys. "Will Sparkes?"

Master. "Yes, surely. Well, then, Mr. Sparkes has got three boys—Tommy, John, and Bill. Now who is the father of those boys? You know them very well."

Boys. "Mr. Sparkes."

Master. "Very good—very good, boys, indeed; that is quite right. Now, then, Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Who—"

Boys (*in a hurry*). "Mr. Sparkes."

NEW-YEAR'S DAY SEVENTY YEARS AGO—THE LAST EVENING CALLER.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.

NEW-YEAR'S.

GUARDING AGAINST THE DANGERS OF THE WILDERNESS (1661), AND OF CIVILIZATION (1881).

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I DEME THAT HIRE HERTE WAS FUL OF WO."

ALL the servants at South Hill were old servants. Sir Vernon was a stern and an exacting master, but he only asked fair change for his shilling. He did not expect to reap where he had not sown, nor to gather where he had not strawed. His household was carried on upon a large and liberal scale, and the servants had privileges which they would hardly have enjoyed elsewhere. Therefore, with the disinterested fidelity of their profession, and of the human race generally, they staid with him, growing old and gray in his service.

Among these faithful followers was one who made a stronger point of her fidelity than any of the others, and affected a certain superiority to all the rest. This was Mowser, Madoline's own maid, who had been maid to Lady Lawford until her death, and who, on that melancholy event, had taken upon herself the office of nurse to the orphan girl. That she was faithful to Madoline, and strongly attached to Madoline, there could be no doubt; but it was rather hard upon the outstanding balance of humanity that she should consider herself privileged by reason of this attachment to be as disagreeable as she pleased to every one else. In those early days of Madoline's infancy she had taken possession of the nurseries as her own domain, belonging to her by some sovereign right of custodianship—as entirely hers as if they had been her freehold. Strong in her convictions on this point, she had resented all intrusion from the outer world; she had looked daggers at innocent visitors who were brought to see the baby; she had carried on war to the knife—a war of impertinences and uncivil looks—with Aunt Rhoda, firmly possessed by the idea that an aunt was an outsider as compared with a nurse.

"Didn't I sit up night after night with her when she had the scarlet fever, and go without my sleep and rest for a fortnight?" said the faithful one, expatiating vindictively upon her wrongs in the servants' hall. "Will any of your fine ladies of fashion do that?"

Mrs. Spicer was of opinion that some might, but not Miss Rhoda Lawford. She was a great deal too fond of her own comfort.

Mowser was not a woman of high culture. She had begun the battle of life early, and was too old to have been subject to the exactions of the School Board. She had been born and bred in a Warwickshire village, and educated five-and-thirty years ago at a Warwickshire dame school. Gerald told Daphne that he had no doubt Mowser had every whit as much book-learning as Shakspeare's mother, Mary Arden. She was not averse from the use of fine words, but pronounced them after her own fancy. All unauthorized visitors to the nursery she denounced as antelopes, meaning, it was supposed, not the graceful animal of the stag species usually known by that name, but the more obnoxious human individual commonly called an interloper. Even Daphne, when she took the liberty to be born, and was brought by her own particular nurse to Mowser's nursery, was looked on as belonging in some wise to the antelope family, while the strange nurse was, of course, a thorough-bred animal of that species. While Daphne was an infant, and the second nurse remained, there were fearful wars and rumors of wars in Mowser's apartments, and exultantly did that injured female lift up her voice when Daphne went to her first school—at an age when few children of the landed gentry are sent to school—and the unsanctified nurse departed. She came a Pariah, and she went a Pariah—a creature under a ban.

"Now I can breathe free," exclaimed Mowser, after she had ostentatiously opened the windows and aired the nurseries, as in a Jewish house windows and doors are flung wide when the spirit has departed. "I felt almost stuffocated while she was here."

Sir Vernon, seeing very little of Mowser, and knowing that she was a devoted nurse to his beloved elder daughter, had troubled himself very little about such complaints of her "tempers" as from time to time reached his ears. He discouraged all fault-finding in his sister upon principle. So long as everything in the house went on velvet for him, he was unaffected by the fact that the servants made themselves disagreeable to other people. It was no matter to him that Spicer had been abominably impertinent in the morning, provided his dinner was well cooked in the evening. Nor did Rhoda's raven croakings about the profligate wastefulness of his household distress him. He knew what he was spending, and that his expenses were so nearly on a level with his income that he always seemed poor; but though he liked to growl and grumble for himself, he hated to be worried about pounds of butter and quarts of milk and dozens of eggs by his sister.

"If you pretend to keep my house, Rhoda, you must keep it quietly, and not plague me about these disgusting details," he said, savagely; whereat Rhoda shrugged her elegant shoulders, and protested that if her brother liked to be cheated, it was, of course, no business of hers to step between him and the depredators.

"I don't like to be cheated, but I like still less to be worried," said Sir Vernon, decisively; and Rhoda was wise enough to carry on the struggle no longer.

She had her own comfort and her own advantage to consider, and she troubled her brother no further about domestic difficulties, but she carried on her war with the enemy vigorously notwithstanding, fiercest of all with Mowser, who looked upon Miss Lawford as the very head and front of the antelope tribe.

Mowser was a servant of the old school. She prided herself upon the manners and habits of a past generation. She wore corkscrew ringlets, and a cap trimmed with real Buckinghamshire lace. None of your Nottingham machine-made stuff for Mowser. Her petticoats were short and scanty, and her side-laced cashmere boots were a relic of the past. She wore an ostentatious gold chain around her neck, and a portly silver watch at her side. She was rarely seen without a black silk apron, which rustled exceedingly. She was of a bony figure, and her face was sharp and angular, her eyes a cold, hard-looking gray.

When Madoline left the nursery, Mowser resumed her original function of lady's-maid. She had no particular gifts for the office. She had no taste for millinery; she had no skill in hair-dressing. She had been chosen by Madoline's mother—a young lady of very simple habits—on account of her respectability and local status. She was the daughter of old Mrs. Somebody, who had been a servant in the first Lady Lawford's family. The houses of the menial and the mistress had been allied for a century or so, and for this reason rather than for any other Jane Mowser had been considered eligible for the office of maid.

She was active and industrious, kept her mistress's wardrobe and her mistress's dressing-room in exquisite order. She could wash and mend laces to perfection. She could pack and unpack, and was an excellent maid in illness. But here her powers found their limit. The milliner and the dressmaker had to do all the rest. Mowser had no more taste than any villager in her native hamlet; no capacity for advising or assisting her mistress in any of the details of the toilet. She looked upon all modern fashions as iniquities which were perpetually inviting from heaven a re-issue of that fiery rain which buried Sodom and Gomorrah. To Mowser's mind, Jersey jackets and eel-skin dresses, idiot fringes and Toby frills, were the fulfillment of the prophet Isaiah's prophecy. These were the changeable suits of apparel, the mantles and the tires and the crisping pins, the mufflers, and round tires like the moon; and all these things were the forecast of some awful doom. It might be earthquakes, or floods, or a hideous concatenation of railway accidents, or Asiatic cholera spreading like a poisonous cloud all over the civilized world. Mowser did not know what form the scourge would take; but she felt that retribution, prompt and dire, must follow the reign of painted faces, Jersey bodies, and tight-fitting skirts. Young women could not be allowed so to display their figures with impunity. Providence had an eye on their sham complexions and borrowed locks.

All picturesqueness of attire Mowser resented as a play-actor style of dress, altogether degrading to a respectable mind. She objected to Daphne's neatly fitting tailor-made gowns, and creamy muslins with dashes of vivid color, and thought they would end badly. Not so did young ladies dress in her youth. Small patterned striped or checked silks, with neat lace berthas sitting close to modestly covered shoulders, were then the mode. There was none of that artistic coquetry which gives to every pretty woman's dress a distinctive character, marking her out from the throng.

Vainly did Mowser sigh for those vanished days, the simplicity, the high thinking, and plain living of her girlhood. Here was Mrs. Ferrers wasting the rector's substance upon gowns which five-and-twenty years ago would have been considered extravagant for a duchess; here was Daphne dressing herself up—with Madoline's approval—to look as much as possible like a play-actress or an old picture.

Mowser was no fonder of Daphne now than she had been in the days when the unwelcome addition to the nursery was stigmatized as an "antelope." There was still a good deal of the antelope about Daphne, in Mowser's opinion. "It would have been better for all parties if Miss Daphne had staid a year or two longer at her finishing school," Mowser remarked, sententiously, in the housekeeper's room, where she was regarded, or at any rate was known to regard herself, as an oracle. "First and foremost, she hasn't half finished her education."

"Haven't she, Mowser?" asked Jinman, Sir Vernon's own man, with a malicious twinkle in his eye. "How did you find that out? Have you been putting her through her paces?"

"No, Mr. Jinman; but I hope I know whether a young lady's education is finished, without the help of book-learning. My mother was left a lone widow before I was three, and I hadn't the opportunities some people have had, and might have made better use of. But I know what a young lady ought to be, and what she oughtn't to be; and I say Miss Daphne leans most to the last. Why, her manners are not half formed. She goes rushing about the house like a whirlwind; always in high spirits, or in the dumps—no mejum."

"She's dev'lish pretty," said Jinman, who, on the strength of having spent a good deal of time with his master at Limmer's Hotel, put on a metropolitan and somewhat rakish air.

"She's not fit to hold a candle to my mistress," retorted Mowser.

"Not such a reg'lar style of beauty, perhaps, but more taking, more chick," said the valet.

"I don't know what you mean by chick. She's a born flirt. Perhaps that's what you mean. She's her mother all over, worse luck for her. The same ways, the same looks, the same tones of voice. I wish she was out of the house. I never feel safe or comfortable about her. She's like a dagger hanging over my head, and I don't know when she may drop."

"It's a pity she refused young Turchill," said Jinman. "He's the right sort. But as he still hangs on, I suppose she means to have him sooner or later."

"No, she don't. That's not her meaning," answered Mowser, with significance.

"What does she mean, then?"

"I know what she means. I know her—much better than her poor innocent sister does. Masks and artifexes ain't no use with me. I can read her. Mr. Turchill ain't good enough for her. She wants some one better than him. But she won't succeed in her mackinventions while Mowser is by to file her—artful as she is."

There was a subtlety about Mowser this evening which her fellow-servants were hardly able to follow. They all liked Daphne for her pretty looks and bright girlish ways, yet, with that love of slander and mystery which is common to humanity in all circles, they rather inclined to hear Mowser hint darkly at the girl's unworthiness. They all preferred the slandered to the slanderer, but they listened all the same.

And now Christmas was over, and the night of the Hunt Ball at Stratford was approaching. It was to be Daphne's first public appearance; first dance; first grown-up party of any kind. She was to see the county people assembled in a multitude for the first time in her life. A few of them she had seen by installments at South Hill—callers and diners. She had been invited by these to various lawn parties; but her sister had refused all invitations of this kind, wishing that the occasion of Daphne's début should be something more brilliant than a mere garden party, a paradise of curates and young ladies.

Daphne looked forward to the night with excitement, but excitement of that fitful kind which was common to her; now on the tiptoe of expectation, anon not caring a straw for the entertainment. There had been the usual talk about gowns, and Aunt Rhoda had insisted upon coming over to South Hill to give her opinion.

"White, of course, for the débutante," said Madoline. "There can be no question about that."

Mrs. Ferrers screwed up her lips in a severe manner, and looked at Daphne with a coldly critical stare.

"White is so very trying," she said, as if Daphne's were not a beauty that could afford to be tried; "and then it has such a bridal air. I dare say there will be half a dozen brides at the ball. I know of two—Mrs. Toddlington and Mrs. Frank Lothrop."

"I don't think Daphne need fear comparison with either of those," answered Madoline, looking fondly at her sister, who was sitting on a cushion at her feet, turning over a book of fashion plates. "Well, darling, do you see anything there you would like?"

"Nothing. Every one of the dresses is utterly hideous; stiff, elaborate, fantastical, without being artistic; gauged and puffed and pleated, and festooned and fringed and gimped. Please dress me for the ball as you have always dressed me, out of your own head, Lina, without any help from Miss Piper's fashion plates."

"Shall I, dear? Would you really prefer that to choosing something in the very last fashion?"

"Infinitely."

"Then I'll tell you what it shall be. I will dress you like a portrait by Sir Joshua. The richest white satin that money can buy, made as simply as Miss Piper can possibly be persuaded to make it. A little thin lace, cloud-like, about your neck and arms, and my small pearl necklace for your only ornament."

"Madoline, do you think it is wise of you to let Daphne appear in borrowed plumes?" asked Mrs. Ferrers, severely. "It may be giving her wrong ideas."

"They shall not be borrowed plumes. The necklace shall be my New-Year's gift to you, Daphne darling."

"No, no, Lina. I am not going to despoil you of your jewels. I have always thought it was dreadfully bad of the Jewesses to swindle the Egyptians before they crossed the Red Sea, even though they were told to do it."

"Daphne!" screamed Aunt Rhoda; "your profanity is something too shocking."

"My pet, I am not going to be contradicted," said Lina, not remarking upon this reproof. "The little necklace is yours henceforward. I have more jewelry than I can ever wear."

"It was your mother's, Madoline, and you ought to respect it."

"It was my mother's nature to give, and not to hoard, Aunt Rhoda. She would have been ashamed of a selfish daughter. Will that do, Daphne? The white satin and old Mechlin lace, and just one spray of stephanotis in your hair?"

"Nothing could be prettier, Lina."

"What are you going to wear yourself, Madoline?" asked Mrs. Ferrers, with a dissatisfied air. "I suppose you are going to indulge in a new gown?"

"I have hardly made up my mind to be so extravagant. There is the gold-colored satin I had for the dinner at Warwick Castle."

"Much too heavy for a ball. No, you must have something new, Lina, if it be only to keep me in countenance. I had quite made up my mind to wear that pearl-gray Sicilienne which you all so much admired, but the rector insisted upon my getting a new gown from Paris."

"From Worth?"

"Can you suppose I could be so extravagant? No, Lina; when I venture upon a French gown I get it from a little woman on the third floor in the Rue Vivienne. She was Worth's right hand some years ago, and she has quite his style. I tell her what colors I should like, and how much money I am prepared to give, and she does all the rest without giving me any trouble."

It was decided that Madoline should have a new gown of the palest salmon, or blush-rose color, something which would look well with a profusion of those exquisite tea-roses which McCloskie produced grudgingly in the winter-tide, burning as much coal in the process as if he were steaming home from China with the first of the tea gatherings, and wanted to be beforehand with the rest of the trade. Mrs. Ferrers made a good many objections to Daphne's white satin, and was convinced it would be unbecoming to her; also that it would be wanting in style; yet that it would be conspicuous, if not positively outré. But Lina had made up her mind, and was a person of considerable decision on occasions. Whatever the color or material chosen, Aunt Rhoda would have objected to it, as she had not been called upon to advise in the matter.

"Well, Lina, my dear, I must go home and give the rector his afternoon tea," she said, rising and putting on her fur-lined mantle. "I might have spared myself the trouble of walking over to discuss the ball dresses. You haven't wanted my advice."

"It was very sweet of you to come, all the same, auntie," said Lina, kissing her, "and we might have wanted you badly; besides, your advice is going to be taken. It is to please you that I am going to have a new gown, which I really don't want."

"Be sure Miss Piper makes your waist longer. The last was too short. She is not a patch upon my little Frenchwoman. But you are so bent upon employing the people about you."

"I like to spend my money near home, auntie."

"Even if you are rewarded by being made a guy! Well, at your age, and with your advantages, you can afford to be careless. I can't."

New-Year's Day passed very quietly. There was much less fuss about the new year at South Hill than there had been at Madame Tolmache's twelve months ago, where the young ladies had prepared a tremendous surprise—of which she was perfectly aware a month beforehand—for that lady, in the shape of an embroidered sofa cushion, and where the pupils presented each other with boxes of sweetmeats, and gushed exceedingly in sentiments appropriate to the occasion.

Except that Daphne found the pearl necklace in a little old-fashioned red morocco case under her pillow when she awoke on that first dawn of the year, the day might have been the same as other days. She sat up in her little curtainless bed, with the necklace in her hand, looking straight before her, into the wintry landscape, into the new year.

"What is it going to be like for me? What is it going to bring me?" she asked herself, her eyes slowly filling with tears, her face and attitude, even to the listless hand which loosely held the string of pearls, expressive of a dejection that was akin to despair. "What will this new-born year bring me? Not happiness. No, that could not be—that can never be. I lost the hope of that a year and a half ago, on one foolish, never-to-be-forgotten summer day. If I had died before that day—if I had taken the fever like those other girls, and had it badly, and died of it—would it not have been a better fate than to be always fluttering on the edge of happiness, wickedly, wildly happy sometimes when I am with him, miserable when he is away, guilty always—guilty to her, my best and my dearest, shameful to myself, lost to honor, conscience-stricken, miserable?"

Her tears fell thick and fast now, and for some moments she wept passionately, greeting the new year with tears. Then, growing calmer, she lifted the pearls to her lips and kissed them tenderly.

"It shall be a talisman," she said to herself. "White gift from a white soul, pure and perfect as the giver. Yes, it shall be a charm. I will sin no more. I will think of him no more, of whom to think is sin. I will shut him out of my heart. My love, I will forget you. My love, who held my hand that summer day, and read my fate there—an evil fate: yes, for is it not evil to love you?—my love, who stole my heart with sweet low words and magical looks—looks and words that meant nothing to you, but all the world—more than all the world—to me! Oh! I must find some way of forgetting you. I must teach myself to be proud. It is so mean, so degrading, to go on loving where I have never been loved. If he knew it, how he would despise me! I would rather die than he should know."

Hard to face a new-born year in such a temper as this, with a heart heavily burdened by a fatal secret; all the world, to outward seeming, smiles and sunshine—for what care could such a girl as Daphne have?—a girl who had no more need for the serious consideration of life than the lilies have: all without, sunshine and turtle-doves; all within, darkness and scorpions.

When she was dressed, save for the putting on of her warm winter gown, Daphne clasped the necklace round her throat. The pearls were not whiter or more perfectly shaped than the neck they clasped.

"I must wear my talisman always," she thought, as she fastened the snap. "Let me be like the prince in the fairy tale, whose ring used to remind him by a sharp little stab when he was drifting into sin."

She went down stairs in a somewhat more cheerful mood than that of her first awaking. There was comfort in the pearls. She kissed her sister lovingly, kneeling by her side as she thanked her for the New-Year's gift. There was an open jewel case on the breakfast table, and beside it a basket of summer flowers—a basket that had come straight from the sunny South, from the winterless flower gardens of the Riviera.

Daphne looked at the jewels first—a low thing in human nature, but inevitable. The case contained a sapphire cross, the stones large and lustrous, perfect in their deep azure, and set in the lightest, most delicate mounting—a cross which a princess might hold choicest amongst all her jewels. The flowers were roses, camellias, violets, and a curious thorny-stemmed orange blossom.

"Oh, Lina!" cried Daphne, "orange blossom with thorns! Isn't that an evil omen?"

"I hope not, dear, but I like the other kind best. This is almost too spiky to put in a flower

glass. But wasn't it good of Gerald to get these flowers sent over from Nice for a New-Year's greeting?"

"Oh, it was he who sent them?"

"Who else? There was a little note at the bottom of the basket; and see, this lovely camellia bud is labelled 'for Daphne.'"

"'There's rue for you,'" quoted Daphne, with her half-bitter smile. "Yes, it was very polite of him to remember my existence."

"There is something else for you, darling—a locket, which Gerald asks me to give you from him. He hopes you will wear it at your first ball."

She opened a small blue velvet case, and Daphne beheld an oval locket of dead dull gold with a cross-way band of sapphires. It had a kind of moonlight effect which was very fascinating.

"No," said Daphne, gently, but with unmistakable resolve; "I will accept jewels from no one but you. You can afford to give me all I shall ever want, and it is a pleasure to you to give—I know that, dearest—and to me to receive. I can not accept Mr. Goring's gift, although I appreciate his kindness in offering it."

"Daphne, he will be dreadfully wounded."

"No, he won't. He will understand that I have a touch of pride. From my sister all the benefits in the world; but from him nothing—except this cold white bud."

She put it to her lips involuntarily, unconsciously; but the contact of the flower he had touched thrilled her with mysterious passion—as if it were his very soul that touched her soul. She shivered and turned pale.

"My pet, you are looking ill this morning, so cold and wretched," said Madoline, looking up from fond contemplation of her lover's gifts just in time to see that white wan look of Daphne's.

"I am well enough, but it is a cold, wretched morning," answered Daphne, as she bent over the fire, spreading out her white dimpled hands before the blaze. "Don't you think New-Year's Day is a horrid anniversary?—beginning everything over again from a fresh starting-point; tempting one to think about the future; obliging one to look back at the past, and be sorry for having wasted another year. You will go to church, I suppose, and take your dose of remorse in an orthodox form?"

"Won't you come with me, Daphne? Every one ought to go to church on New-Year's Day, even if it were not a sacred anniversary."

"Yes, I'll come, if you like. I may as well be there as anywhere else."

"My darling, is that the way to speak or to think about it?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid I am desperately irreligious. If I had ever found religion do me any good, I might be more seriously minded, perhaps. But when I pray, my prayers seem to come back to me unheard. I am always asking for bread, and getting stones."

"Dearest, there can be but one reason for that. You do not pray rightly. Constant, fervent prayer never failed yet to bring a blessing: perhaps not the very blessing we have asked for, but something purer, higher—the peace of God which passeth all understanding. That for the most part is God's answer to faithful prayer."

"Perhaps that is it. I pray in a half-hearted way. 'My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.' I am anchored too heavily to this wicked world. I stretch out my hands to heaven, but not my heart. That is of the earth, earthy."

"Come to church, dear, and this solemn day will bring serious thoughts."

"I would go if it were only for the sake of going a little way toward heaven with you. Yes, Lina dearest, I will go and kneel by your side, and pray to become more like you."

"A poor example," answered Madoline, smiling.

And now Sir Vernon entered, pale and drawn with his late illness, but erect and dignified. There were no family prayers at South Hill, and there never had been since the first Lady Lawford's death. Sir Vernon went to church on Sunday morning, when he considered himself well enough, but all other religious offices he performed in the seclusion of his own rooms. There was, therefore, no morning parade for prayers, and the servants at South Hill were free to choose their own road to heaven.

Madoline rose to greet her father with loving New-Year wishes. Daphne kept her kneeling attitude by the fire, with her face turned toward the blaze, feeling that good wishes from her would be a superfluity. "My years must always be happy while I have you, dearest," said Sir Vernon, kissing his elder daughter; and then, with some touch of at least gentlemanly feeling, bethinking himself of the child he did not love, he laid his hand lightly on Daphne's golden head.

"Good-morning, Daphne. A happy new year to you!" he said, quietly.

She gently turned from the fire, took her father's hand, and raised it to her lips. It was the first time she had ever done such a thing: a little gush of spontaneous feeling, and the father's heart was touched—touched, albeit like all Daphne's graces, this little bit of girlish graciousness recalled her mother's fatal charms.

"'Bless me, even me also, O my father!'" she exclaimed, recalling one of the most pathetic passages of Holy Writ.

"God bless and prosper you, my dear!"

"Thank you, papa. That is a good beginning for the year," said Daphne, stifling a sob. "I don't think I shall feel like Esau any more."

"My dearest, what comparisons you make!" cried Madoline. "In what have you ever been like Esau? Have I ever cheated you?"

"Not willingly, darling," answered Daphne, nestling close beside Madoline as she began to pour out Sir Vernon's tea. "You are my benefactress, my guardian angel. Is it your fault if I belong by nature and pedigree to the tribe of Ishmael?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IPSAMBUL.

The rock-cut temples at Ipsambul (also written Abu-Simbel, and several other ways) are the most perfect and most magnificent specimens of this kind of architecture on the Nile. Both have front walls of sandstone, and the interiors are excavated from the solid rock. The larger temple, of which we give an illustration on page 28, stands a hundred feet above the river. The front is a hundred and twenty feet in length and ninety in height, surrounded by a moulding, and adorned with a cornice and frieze. In front are four seated colossal figures sixty-five feet high, the largest in Nubia or Egypt. One of them has a face seven feet long, and measures twenty-five feet and four inches across the shoulders. The colossi are supposed to be statues of RAMESES II.

THE CAVERN OF ADELSBERG.

The little market town of Adelsberg, in Austria, is chiefly known for the magnificent cavern, the entrance to which lies about a mile from the town. The cavern, which contains some of the most beautiful stalactite formations, is divided into four large grottoes, with two side ramifications which reach to the distance of about a mile and a half from the entrance. The river Poik enters the cavern sixty feet below its mouth, and the sound of its rushing waters, heard in the deep recesses of the rock, has a strange, dreamy, and unearthly effect upon the imaginative hearer. The largest of the four grottoes, and the farther from the entrance, is 665 feet in length, 640 in breadth, and 100 in height.

Besides the imposing proportions of its chambers, the cavern is remarkable for the variegated beauty of its stalactites, some resembling transparent drapery, others water-falls, trees, animals, or human beings, the more grotesque being called by various fanciful names. On page 28 will be found several illustrations of this remarkable subterranean wonder. The first shows what is called "The Transparent Curtain." The second shows the grand Belvedere, or Ball-Room, in which a magnificent ball is given annually on Whit-Monday, when the chamber is brilliantly illuminated. The third affords a glimpse of the view that greets the visitor upon first entering from the outside world. The fourth is named "Mount Calvary."

The cavern of Adelsberg was known in the Middle Ages, but its existence was forgotten until it was accidentally rediscovered in 1816. It is only in still more recent times that it has been fully explored, and rendered accessible to visitors.

THE DARK CHRISTMAS, 1780.

The winter of 1780–81 in New York was so mild and gentle as to form a striking illustration of the variable nature of our climate, and a strong contrast to its severe predecessor. In January, 1780, the Hudson was bridged by huge cakes of ice, and persons walked from the city to Staten Island, or over the East River, as if it were solid land. The snow lay eight feet deep at Bloomingdale, and the fierce northern winds penetrated the imperfectly warmed houses of the town. It was not until late in February that a thaw came to dissolve the blockade that barred the harbor to the fleets that brought supplies from Europe to the starving people. But with November and December, 1780, opened one of the mildest seasons ever known. There was no ice nor snow, the rivers were all open, the fields were green, and the crowded city escaped the miseries of intense and unalleviated suffering. Christmas came, soft and mild, the omen of a better year. The city was crowded with soldiers, the harbor filled with a powerful fleet. Sir Henry Clinton commanded, and weak, vain, good-natured, wasted his leisure in the frivolous amusements of European society. There were fox-hunts and races, balls, dinners, and an unnatural gayety disturbed the repose of the half-ruined city.

Yet even in the midst of its ruins New York had not altogether failed to profit by the war. It was the centre of the British forces, the citadel of the royal strength. The money that poured in from Britain for the pay and subsistence of the troops fell into the hands of the provincial merchants, and many of the large fortunes of the New York families were founded upon the gains of this disastrous yet busy period. The Christmas of 1780 seemed one of unusual prosperity. The Cork fleet, laden with butter, potatoes, and pork from Ireland, sailed safely into the open harbor; the London ships brought over the luxuries of Fleet Street, and the cloths, silks, and jewelry of England filled the shops of the New York merchants. All the costly articles of European taste are advertised in the newspapers of the day. The usual walk and shopping place was along Wall and William Streets; here the fair women of the Tory faction, clad in enormous hoops, and stately bonnets of silk and ribbons, wandered on fine afternoons to meet the officers in brilliant uniforms, and gay civilians who shone in bright coats of velvet, knee-buckles, breeches of silk or satin, laces, and cocked hats, and all the latest follies of fashion. The scene must often have been a striking one. Twenty thousand soldiers, Judge Jones relates, made up the royal army that filled every part of the overcrowded city. The Tory families from the country came in to swell the throng. A force of 6000 provincials, "healthy, strong, able-bodied men," paraded in the Park. A fleet of forty ships of war and a great number of merchantmen filled the harbor. The noise of revelry and mirth sounded in the still nights, and robberies and murder were rife in the lonely ruins.

There was a constant sound of martial music on the streets, of the tramp of battalions, and the evolutions of the powerful army. The royalists in the autumn of 1780 were once more full of hope: the successes in the South had given them a gleam of prosperity; their forces in New York seemed able to drive from the field by one vigorous attack Washington's half-clad, mutinous, and rapidly diminishing army, and Judge Jones indicates the feeling of the time when he accuses the folly and indolence of Clinton. One blow, he thinks, would have ended the war, and one active commander saved the fortunes of his falling party. Never was the royal army in New York more powerful or better equipped; never were the American soldiers so mutinous and wretched. Congress had neglected them; they were without shoes or clothes to meet the chill air of winter; their food was scanty, their pay more than a year in arrears. They deserted by hundreds. At last, later in January, 1500 men of the Pennsylvania Line left Washington's camp, insulted and abandoned him, took post at Princeton, and elected their own officers. Soon after, some New Jersey troops followed. They marched out with colors flying, with loaded arms, drums beating, and even took with them two cannon. Had he dared, the Tory writer thinks, Clinton might have driven Washington from the Highlands, and broken the heart of the rebellion.

But the tyranny of a military caste began to be odious even to the loyalists in New York. It was doubtful if the royal provincials could be depended upon. There was a discontent among the citizens that could not be overlooked. Instances of cruel injustice to members of their own party are told by the Tory annalists. The two young Delanceys were imprisoned and fined because they refused to tolerate the insolence of a Hessian colonel. Mrs. Kearney, a Tory exile from New Jersey, was suffered to linger in want because the British officials refused to pay her for the rent of some houses. The royal officers showed a haughty disdain for the provincials even of their own party. Justice could seldom be obtained, and the abuses of a military rule affected all classes of society. The bitterness of a spirit of caste was introduced into America. Even the ruling faction in New York was broken up into sections and warring parties. The people of a free country would never have consented to change their liberal impulses for the petty restrictions, jealousies, competition, pride, cruelty, and folly of their European invaders; and had Clinton ventured into the Jerseys, he would probably have shared the fate of Tarleton and Cornwallis. He moved down in January with 15,000 men to Staten Island, and sent his agents to the mutineers offering them money, fine clothes, the protection of the king, an equal rank for their officers in the British army, and all the favors of the royal court. The temptation was powerful; the hungry, naked soldiers might well have been seduced had they not possessed the souls of heroes. But there was no Arnold there. They hanged one of Clinton's messengers; they spurned his bribes, and hungry and half-clad, marched away to accept the scanty gifts and impoverished aid of Congress.

There was little of Christmas merriment in 1780 in Washington's quarters, or anywhere in the suffering land. War had exhausted the resources of families, and nearly every house must have been in mourning. But it was not so in the Tory citadel. New York was rich with the gold of England, and aped its follies. At the theatre in John Street were acted *The Minor* and *Bon Ton*. The streets were filled with the latest fashions of Europe, and the Baroness Riedesel related with surprise that two of her young friends left her house in the country to go to town to study the latest styles. The ladies crowded William Street, and the merchants spread out their most costly wares. French silks, captured on some unlucky trader, sold readily at extravagant prices. Lutestrings and poplins, brocades and the best broadcloth of England, were shown on the counters of William Street and Hanover Square; and it is a curious circumstance that through all the war William Prince, of Flushing, continued his advertisement of fruit and flowers, of magnolias and apricots, and of the finest grafts and the rarest seeds. The newspapers of the time are filled with notices of fine houses for sale three stories and a half high, and plots of land; and Anthony L. Bleecker, the famous auctioneer of the day, seems to have had constant employment. Of books, in 1781, Hugh Gaine advertises Chesterfield, Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, his histories of England and Greece, Moore's travels, Thomson, Addison. Goldsmith seems to have been the favorite author.

There was a class of the inhabitants of the city in 1780 to whom Christmas brought only sad and painful memories. The patriot prisoners, Graydon relates, would often wander among the ruins of Broadway, comparing their own lot with the desolate scenery. The officers on parole were allowed to board at Mrs. Carroll's, in Queen Street, and sometimes to join in the amusements of their masters. The number of prisoners was no longer as great as when the early disasters on Long Island and at Fort Washington had filled the Dutch churches, jails, and even Columbia College with a suffering throng. But the prison-ships on the Wallabout shore still held their great crowd of miserable captives, diseased, starving, dying, and it is probable that the larger part of the people of the city felt themselves in a real bondage. Among those who took the oath of allegiance, G. Moore relates, were some "violent Whigs." The people had always been against the king, and the royal faction, small in number, and sustained only by the fleets and armies of England, held over them a severe but precarious sway. In this Christmas-time want still raged among the discontented citizens. Even many Tory families once wealthy had sunk into destitution, and were only imperfectly relieved by their more fortunate friends. Madame Riedesel denied herself to give aid to several of these perishing loyalists; her simple truthful journal throws a vivid light upon the follies and selfishness of the royal leaders, the frivolity of the ruling caste, and her own blind adhesion to a falling cause. To the great majority of the citizens no Christmas came in 1780; they heard the bells of St. Paul's and St. George's; they might see Clinton and his martial train ride up Broadway in brilliant array; they caught the noise of revelry and disorder in some stately mansion where Tryon, Rivington, the Delanceys and the Robinsons, Clinton and his followers, held their Christmas banquets; they starved in their poor houses, shivered in silence, or hid in the low huts of Canvastown, patient, and still confident of future freedom.

Christmas, 1780, was one of the dark hours of the war. Washington's army seemed disbanding; Cornwallis was master of the South; the country was impoverished; and Congress without power or resources. The immense armament in New York was apparently capable of conquering a continent; there seemed nothing in America able to withstand it. Yet there was still one power that no royal armies and no reactionary influences could withstand. The united people rose once more, the Tories of New York fled before them like butterflies before the wind, and the dark Christmas of 1780 led the way to the last gigantic effort of heroic courage. Its bells rang out new peals of hope, and the liberation of mankind.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

NEW-YEAR'S MORALIZING.

"BETWEEN the little and the great," old Horace sung,
  When telling where most comfort might be had:
Look not for it the very poor among,
  Nor where poor mortals stand in purple clad.

"Betwixt too early and too late," our Shakspeare cried,
  In telling when great favors might be gained:
They would not come from monarchs sorely tried,
  But only when sweet Peace and Plenty reigned.

"Betwixt too little and too much," says knowing Tim,
  Another piece of pudding on his plate.
So says Adolphus, when his brains will swim
  At midnight with the wine within his pate.

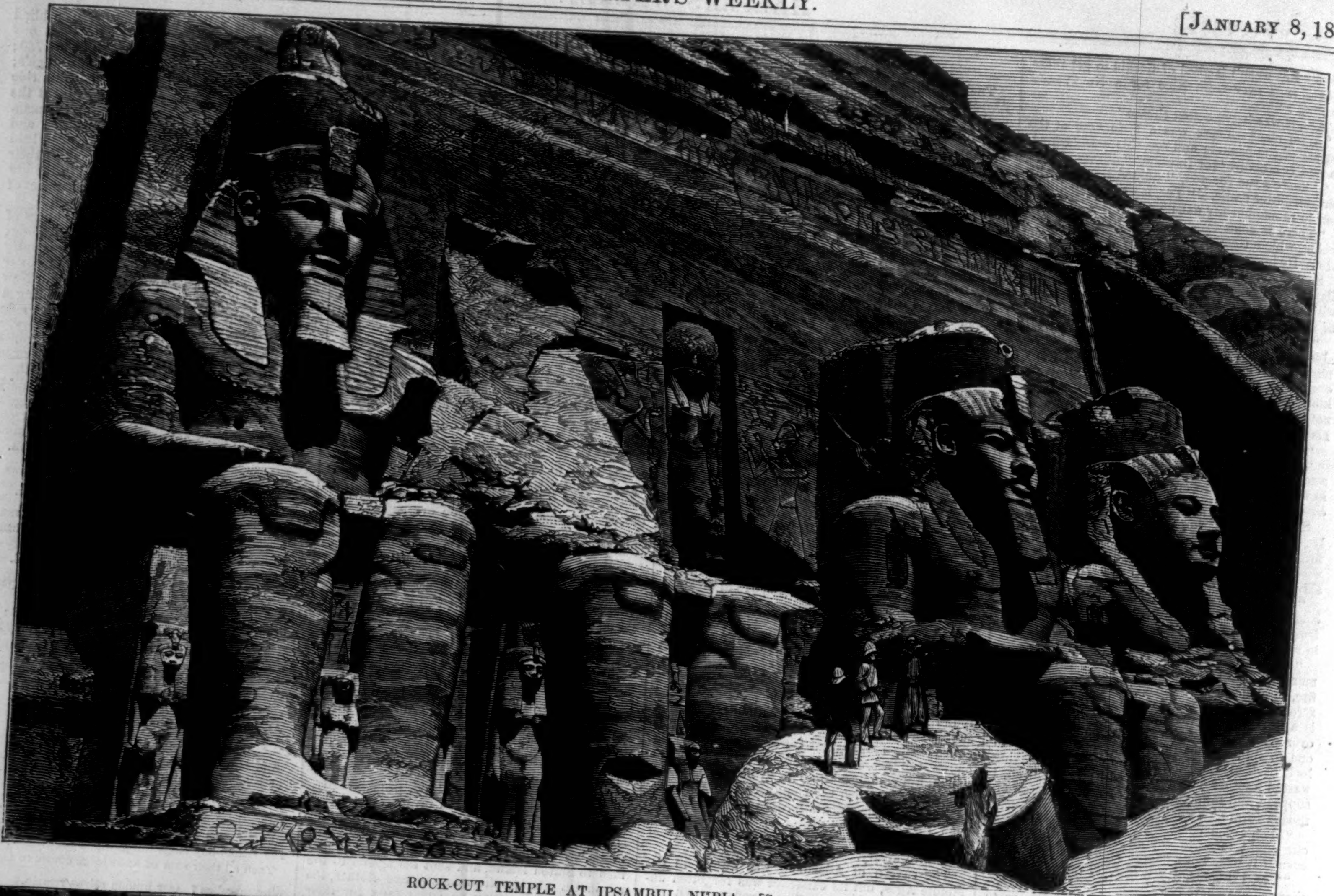
"Betwixt too little and too much," Sophronia thinks,
  And fain would end the New-Year's merry bout;
The lovely lady longs for forty winks
  Amid the pillows, with her hair-pins out.

Both priests and poets chant the golden mean;
  Young men and maidens follow up the thought;
The school-boy sings the glorious between—
  Then all their sum of knowledge comes to naught.

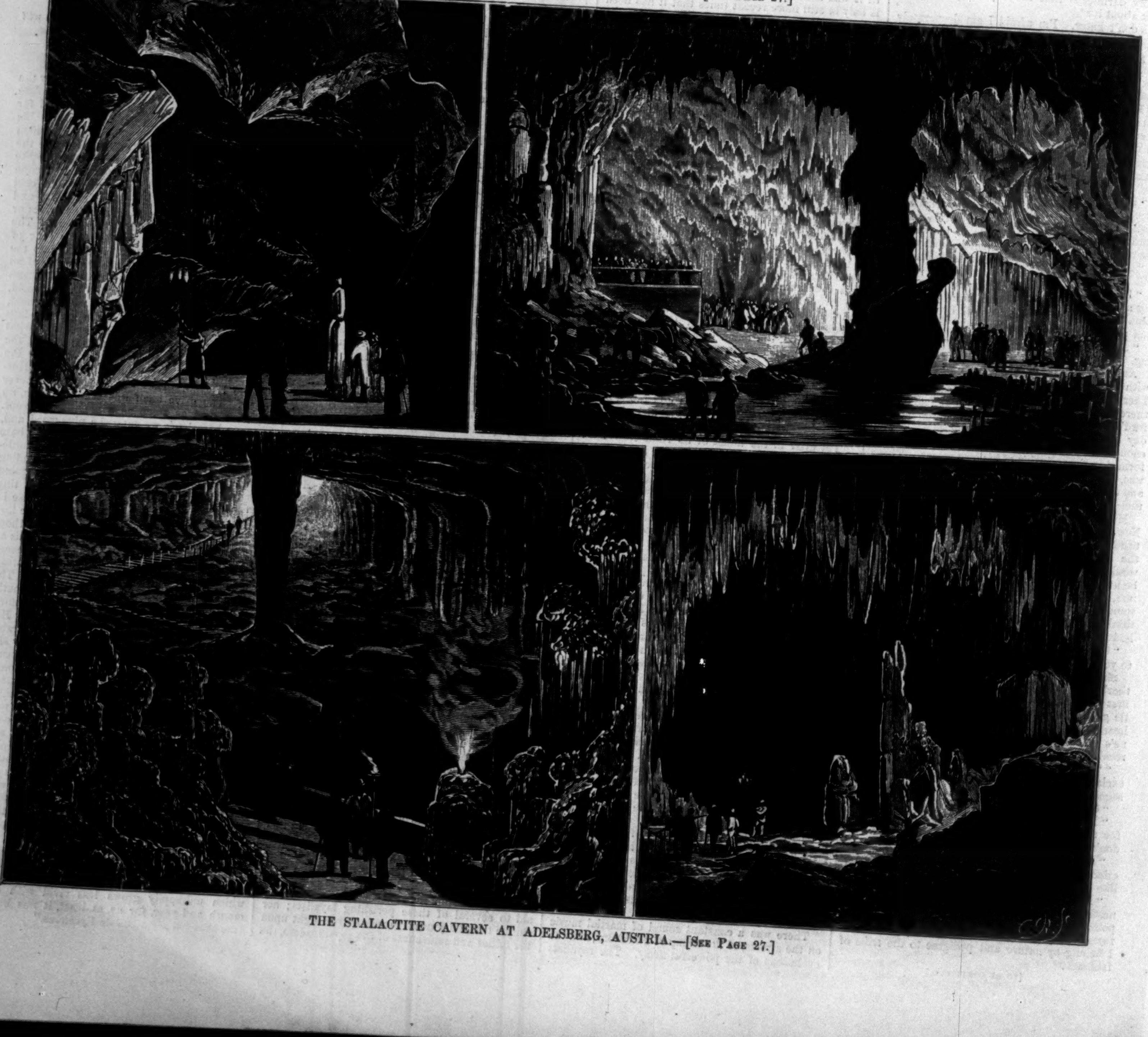
Why moralize? Our human selves remain.
  What boots another term in life's great school?
Our usual faults still bring their usual pain.
  Come, let's to bed. Too little and too much *will* rule.

A PRETTY PICTURE.

For ordinary travellers Luchon is certainly the loveliest spot in the Pyrenees. It was desolate when we were there, being a place intended for organized gayety, and laid out for a fashionable crowd which had departed. The company which assembled at our little *table d'hôte* was like the muster of a few ghosts of the past. But in spite of all this, in those early days of October Luchon was exquisitely lovely. The mornings were cold and crisp, the noons not more than warm and golden, and the evenings fresh, and the drives or rides were full of grandeur at every turn. The Val de Lys, with its deep-set cascades (one of them, called the "Hell-Hole," burrowing into the rocks till you could hardly catch the gleam of its waters), was a strange resort of decaying glaciers—glaciers not exactly going down in the world, for as they shrink of course they rather ascend, but in the sear and yellow leaf, shrinking into themselves, and yet leaving clear traces of what in their vigorous youth they had been. But the grandest of our expeditions was that to the Pic d'Entecade, to which you turn off from the Hospice de Luchon. That was a day I can never forget. The drive itself was grand enough, up a road almost as steep as a mountain torrent. Then, on horseback, we entered a pine wood, and, after many steep zigzags, came out on the bare mountain-side, to meet a team of Spanish muleteers and their gayly trapped mules descending with their wine-skins into France. Then going on and up through steep meadows, past a tiny tarn which glittered like a brilliant turquoise in the sun, we left our horses, just to mount the last rocky brow, and found ourselves on one of a thousand peaks towering up in a host all round us as far as the eye could reach, so that the Pyrenees seemed not a *chain*, but rather a circular forest, of mountains, of which ours was the centre. The Garonne sprang just beneath us; to the southwest the huge Maledetta, with its world of snows, rose conspicuous above the whole chain. But turn where we would, there were innumerable peaks in the direct line from the eye to any single point of the horizon. If we saw one peak, we certainly saw five hundred, probably more, for I made an effort to compute, and failed utterly when I had got to three hundred. A Spanish shepherd-boy whom we found at the top was, excepting our guide and his son, our only company. There were thirty villages, French and Spanish, within sight—we ourselves were in Spain—and around us fluttered a few bright butterflies, and just one or two swallows. It was our farewell to the Pyrenees. The next day we were driving rapidly down by the banks of the Garonne, whose source we had just seen; and on the third day, when watching from Montrejeau the lovely dawn flush the glaciers of the Maledetta, and bathe the distant mountains in a sea of gold, we said that the time of memory had begun, and that except in that softened reflection of the past, which unhappily grows less vivid with every month and year, for us, at least, it was but too true that "il n'y a pas de Pyrénées."



ROCK-CUT TEMPLE AT IPSAMBUL, NUBIA.—[See Page 27.]



THE STALACTITE CAVERN AT ADELSBERG, AUSTRIA.—[See Page 27.]

CHRISTMAS DAY-DREAMS.

Dreaming by my Christmas fire,
As the flames leap high and higher;
Dreaming of a time long past,
Time too honey-sweet to last;
Dreaming of the days gone by;
Watching, with a feeble eye,
Dim with mist of many years,
Blurred with mist of many tears,

Rising, falling of the blaze,
Till from out the lurid haze
Looms a girl with sunny hair,
Cheeks with rose and lily fair;
Robed in softest, purest white,
Of a style forgotten quite;
But *I* know it well—ah me!
'Tis my long-dead self I see.

Fifty years have stolen away
Since my happy wedding day,
Yet—I see myself once more
In the very dress I wore;
People whispered soft aside
Blessings on the fair young bride:
I may say it without shame,
I, a seventy-year-old dame.

It is fifty years ago—
Sunny hair as white as snow:
"I have lived too long," I've said;
I have mourned so many dead:
Husband, children, all are gone,
Christmas finds me here—alone!
Still I trust, my sins forgiven,
To meet them all, ere long, in heaven.

CHRISTMAS DAY-DREAMS.

THE LATE DR. VAIL.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Stephen M. Vail, which occurred in Jersey City on the 26th of November, removed from the Methodist Episcopal Church of this country one of its ablest and most prominent leaders. He was a man of fine intellectual tastes and accomplishments, and was the pioneer of a higher education for the ministry of his denomination. Although very busy, he found time to write several excellent books, and to contribute largely to the leading religious periodicals of this country.

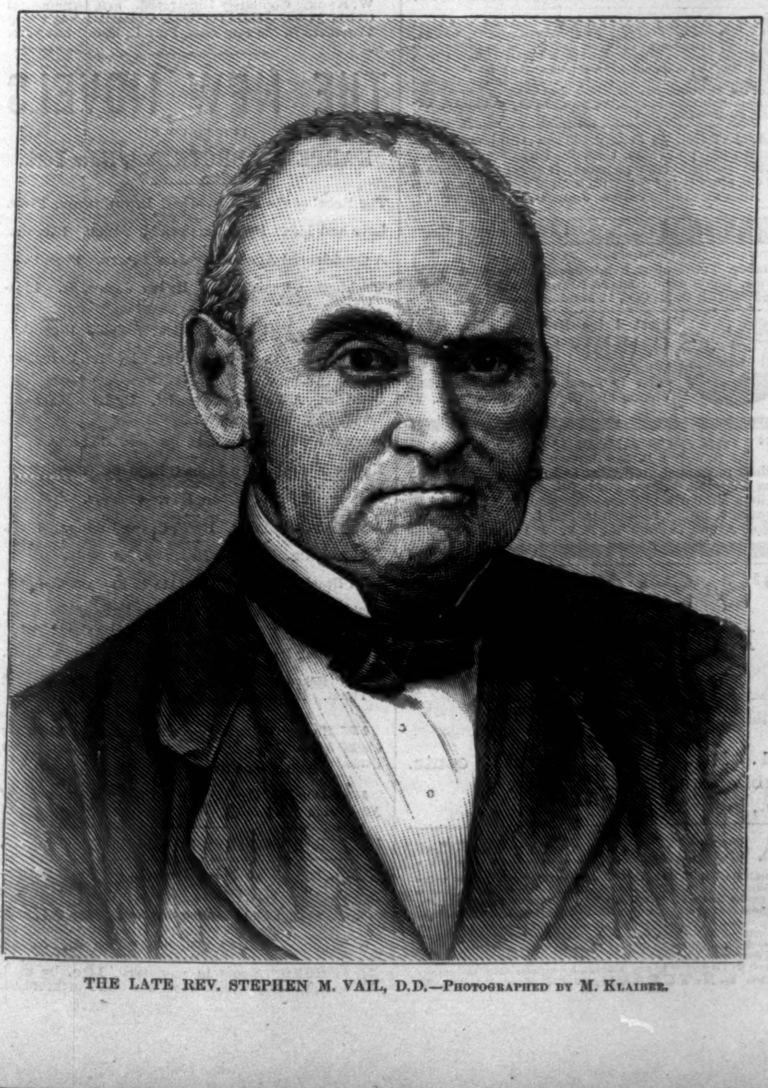
He was a farmer's boy, and was born in La Grange, Dutchess County, New York, in 1817. When a boy of fourteen, Stephen entered the Cazenovia Seminary to prepare for college, and in 1833 he was admitted to Bowdoin College. He was graduated at the age of twenty, in the same class with ex-President Franklin Pierce, who remained his friend through life. After graduating at Bowdoin he was licensed to preach, and he settled in Brunswick, Maine, where he founded the first Methodist Episcopal church in that town. In 1838 he entered the Union Theological Seminary of this city, where he passed three years in hard study. In 1840 he became a member of the New York Conference, and in 1841, after graduating from the Union Seminary, he became a Professor of Languages in the Amenia Seminary, where he remained but one year, and then began to preach. He acted as pastor in Fishkill for two years, in Sharon, Connecticut, two years, and in Pine Plains, New York, one year.

In 1847, Dr. Vail was elected President of the Seminary at Pennington, New Jersey. This position had been tendered him once before, but he had declined it. This time he accepted the trust, and filled the office for two years, during which time he succeeded in inducing the trustees to open the doors of the Seminary to females as well as males. While serving at Pennington, Dr. Vail was placed on trial before the New Jersey Conference for advocating in his writings the cause of an educated ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He did not claim that no uneducated man should be allowed to preach, but he did assert that Methodist clergymen should, as far as practicable, be chosen from men who possessed a collegiate education. The charges made against him were frivolous, and he was promptly acquitted by the Conference. In 1849, he was called to occupy the chair of Professor of Languages in Concord Theological School—the first theological seminary under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church founded in this country. He remained in this position as a teacher for eighteen years, when his health gave way, and he retired for rest to his farm at Pleasant Plains, Staten Island. During the three succeeding years he preached occasionally, and wrote a great deal for the Methodist press.

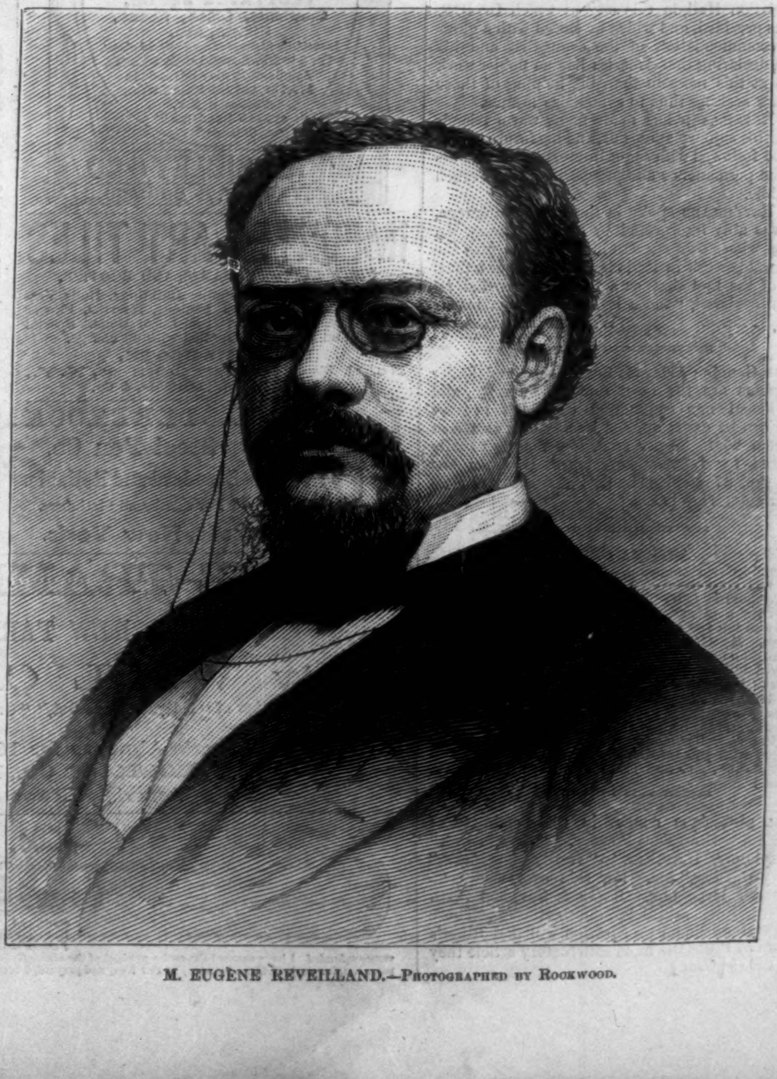
Dr. Vail was a sincere and earnest Republican, and during the antislavery agitation preceding the war he was a conscientious Abolitionist, and held, through the New England newspapers, a long and able controversy on the subject of human slavery with Bishop Hopkins, who was the exponent of the slavery party in the Protestant Episcopal Church. In 1869, President Grant appointed the Doctor Consul to Ludwigshafen, Bavaria. He did good service during the Franco-Prussian war, and held his position four years and a half, returning to this country in 1874. Since that time he remained at his home in Staten Island, preaching only occasionally, but from summer to summer acting as Professor of Greek at the Chautauqua Assemblies.

M. EUGÈNE REVEILLAND.

By the visit of M. Eugène Reveilland and Rev. G. T. Dodds to our shores the attention of the American churches has been drawn to a really remarkable work which is steadily going on in France in the direction of Protestantism. In connection with that movement M. Reveilland himself has come into prominence, and the fact that he was sent to us as a representative of the three great Protestant evangelistic associations of France



THE LATE REV. STEPHEN M. VAIL, D.D.—Photographed by M. Klaiber.



M. EUGÈNE REVEILLAND.—Photographed by Rockwood.

is a proof that he stands high in the confidence of those whom he has so recently joined.

M. REVEILLAND was born on the 30th January, 1851, at St. Coutant-le-Grand, near La Rochelle, and was educated for two years in a Roman Catholic seminary, and then for seven years in the Lyceum Charlemagne, in Paris. He is by profession an advocate, and has been editor, first of *The Tax-Payer* (*Le Contribuable*), and after that in succession of several provincial papers of France. He now conducts *Le Signal*, a little weekly newspaper, which, as one has said, is "the organ and chronicler" of the great work in which he is now engaged.

In 1878 he published a pamphlet entitled *La Question Religieuse et la Solution Protestante*, in which he set forth his conviction that France has only one sure means of securing the stability of her free institutions, namely, by shaking off completely the yoke of "clericalism." This work attracted great attention, and was particularly noteworthy from the fact that its author announced himself as not yet fully a believer in evangelical Christianity. But a few months after its publication he ascended a Protestant pulpit, and gave a history of what he declared to be his conversion. He spoke of a dream, and other peculiar accompaniments; and though different opinions will be entertained regarding these things, subsequent events have sufficiently attested the thoroughness and genuineness of the convictions to which he has attained. He is a most eloquent speaker, an able reasoner, and a prudent man. He has retired from politics, thereby sacrificing the ambition to become a party leader, and is engaged in making missionary tours through his native land, holding "conferences," in which he seeks to show to his hearers the incompatibility of clericalism with freedom on the one hand, and on the other, the harmony of the Gospel with the noblest form of liberty. Under the Empire it would have been impossible to do anything of this sort. But one of the first-fruits of the Republic has been the securing of liberty of speech, and this M. REVEILLAND is turning to the highest account. One illustration of his success may be given in the following extract from a pamphlet by Dr. L. W. BACON, recently issued by the American Tract Society:

"Owing to some special occasion of dissatisfaction with the Roman Catholic clergy in the town of St. Just, M. REVEILLAND was sent for to give an address. He awakened an eager interest, which his brief visit did not suffice to satisfy, and Dr. DE PRESSENSÉ was sent for on a like business. But the more they heard, the more they wished to hear. M. DHANBRES, one of the most eloquent preachers in Paris, went thither, and found an audience of a thousand souls assembled to hear his declaration of a pure and simple Gospel. The people responded with a cordial and earnest acceptance of it. The seed thus sown was watered from time to time by other preachers, and at the end of eight months from M. REVEILLAND's visit the harvest was ready to be gathered, and a church to be organized."

Three hundred men, heads of families, became connected with the organization, and are now taking steps for the building of a place of worship. This may suffice for a specimen of the kind of work in which our young Frenchman is engaged. During his visit to America he has had opportunity of addressing large assemblies in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, etc. On the evening before he set sail on his return to his native land a farewell gathering was held in Association Hall, in this city, at which Dr. R. S. STORRS presided, and which he closed with a glowing recommendation of the evangelist and his cause, declaring that America has no nobler work to do at this moment than the helping of those who are seeking thus to evangelize France.

M. REVEILLAND has made many warm friends during his sojourn among us, and his future course will be followed with eager interest by all who desire the permanence and prosperity of the French Republic.

M. REVEILLAND spoke in the French language, but was ably interpreted by his companion, Mr. DODDS, whose own success in connection with the memorable work in Paris is itself another indication of the fact that, as a French journalist recently declared, "there is Protestantism in the air" in France.

WILLIAM M. TAYLOR.

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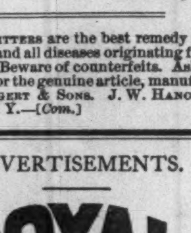

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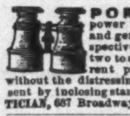

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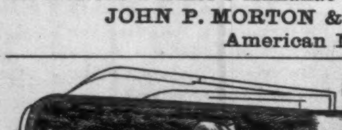

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